



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THIS BOOK  
*Belongs to Bowley's*  
CIRCULATING LIBRARY,  
EDMONTON.

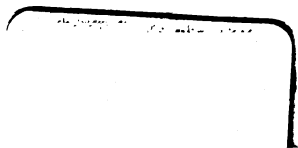
For the accommodation of Students, who please  
to return this book to the Librarian.

N.B. Particular Notice is taken of the Librarian, and when they are returned, any Volume is lost, stolen, or damaged, or is otherwise injured, or is soiled, or is in any other way damaged, the Librarian or a member of the Society shall be paid by the Person so to be damaged.

Book Binding in all its Branches,  
Stationery,  
Fancy Goods and Papers, &c. &c.



600078076Y



52

\_\_\_\_\_

17

\_\_\_\_\_

# **THERESA.**

---

**A ROMANCE.**

---

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

---

52

# **THERESA.**



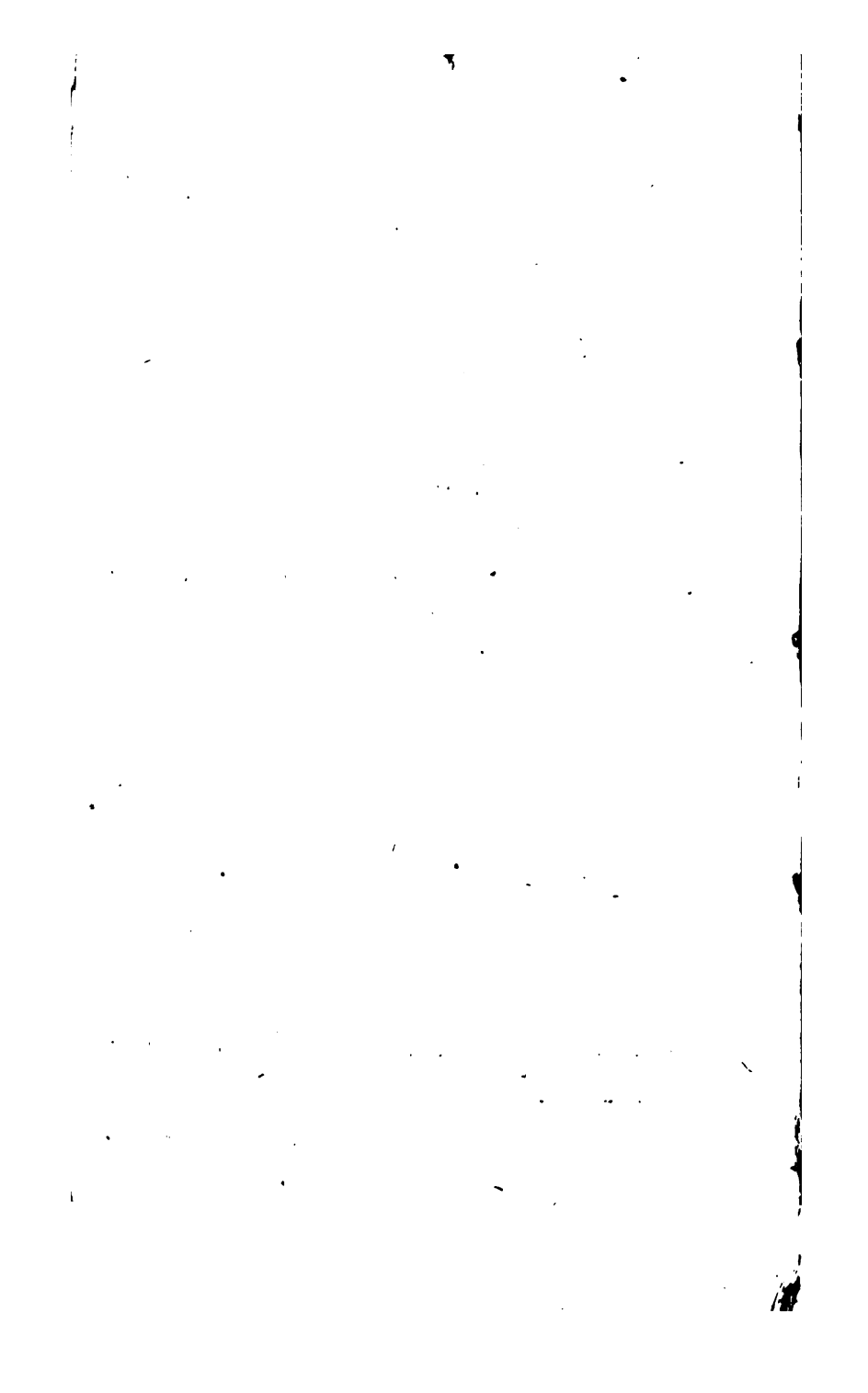
**A ROMANCE.**

---

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

---





**THERESA;**  
OR,  
**THE WIZARD'S FATE.**  
**A Romance.**

— — — — —  
IN FOUR VOLUMES.  
— — — — —

BY  
A MEMBER OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,  
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above!  
To draw new raptures from another's joy;  
To share each grief, and half its sting destroy;  
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord;  
Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd;  
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind;  
Sublimest friendship, passion most refin'd—  
Passion, to life's last evening hour still warm,  
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm—  
Lives there, but would for blessings so divine,  
The crowded haram's sullen joys resign!

*Oxford Prize Poem.*

— — — — —  
VOL. IV.

LONDON:  
PRINTED AT THE  
Spinners-Press,  
FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.  
LEADENHALL-STREET.  
1815.



249. n. 22.



---

# THERESA.



## CHAP. I.

Strange things the neighbours say have happen'd here;  
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;  
Dead men have come again and walk'd about,  
And the great bell has toll'd unring, untouch'd.

BLAIR.

THE exile was careful, the next morning, to obtain information as to his way to the Abbey of Marienfels; but he was not a little startled on learning that it lay beyond the Swiss confines. It immediately struck him that the sorcerer's invitation to meet him was the result of a deep-laid plot, to deliver him into the hands of his enemies. He might be an impostor, or he might wish to thwart the designs of Pro-

vidence : such a wish, he had learned from the narrative of Herman, he was not unlikely to entertain. In the latter case, indeed, he would be among the most inconsistent of men, whose passions and weaknesses he boasted himself superior to ; but what was too much for human inconsistency, when the desire of life created the delusion ?

The notion of his being an impostor was one which was at war both with his senses and his pride, therefore it was immediately dismissed, and the other he would not permit to impede his purpose, conscious as he was, that if the sorcerer did seek, in the vain aspirations, the vanity and arrogance of his heart, to thwart the decrees of Omnipotence, he had nothing to apprehend from such an attempt.

Resolved, therefore, to keep his appointment, he set out on foot, there being no horse-road but one, which was several miles round. The way was intricate and difficult ; but had his mind been at ease to enjoy the romantic richness and variety of

its scenery, it would have amply repaid his toil. It sometimes wound amidst deep ravines, in whose bottom a river, shrunk by the summer heats, rolled with a murmur that hardly reached his ear. As he trod the midway path, that tracked the side of the precipitous bank, its current was sometimes entirely lost beneath the dense foliage of overhanging woods. Now it fell over rocks that increased the violence of its sound, and now it wound, deep and quiet, through a meadow that occupied the expanding dell; and the small mill was seen at work, and the white bleach-ground afforded its contrast to the verdure, yet rich where the rays of the mid-day sun found but short rest; for they were even now, when it was early in the afternoon, intercepted even from the path by which the exile passed. Numerous kine were resting in the shade of the tall alders and poplars that bordered the river; and the carol of a peasant girl, as passing a bridge, formed of a single plank, that crossed the

stream, she balanced a pail she bore on her head, smote feebly, but sweetly, on the ear of the exile.

The loneliness of these regions was marked by the timidity of its inhabitants ; a female peasant of whom he inquired his way, made signs to him to keep at a distance, and retired from the path till he had passed ; and two lads, who were gathering nuts in the coppice above, as soon as they heard his whoop, looked at him for a few moments, saying some words to each other, in evident consternation, and then fled with the rapidity of the lizard or the chamois, bounding amidst ledges of rocks, and chasms, and tangled furze-brakes, where one would have thought those animals alone could have found a passage. Sometimes he climbed what he deemed the acclivity of a mountain, but when he reached its summits, and the majestic Alps rose in vast amphitheatre around him, it dwindled to a hillock.

It was after he had toiled upwards in this manner for several minutes, that he

---

entered a field, into which the path led, over a stile; but before he had advanced many paces, he perceived that the sward having been broken up for cropping, the plough had obliterated all traces of it; and as there was no sign of a footstep, he concluded that some impediment having been thrown in the way of passengers, in order to secure the crop, they had formed a new track. He walked round the close, to try if he could find egress in any other part of it but that by which he had entered, being unwilling to retrace his steps; but observing, as well as the thick hedgerows would permit him, that the lands presented, as far as his eye could reach, nothing but crowded shocks, he gave up the idea of finding the old path as hopeless; and being faint with the heat and fatigue he had undergone, he laid himself down beneath a tall, wide-spreading linden, and soon fell fast asleep.

He might have slept about an hour, when he was waked by the prattle of some young peasants, who were busy plucking



haws, sloes, and other wild fruit, and who observing him as soon as he raised his head, ran as if for their lives, directing their steps towards a part of the hedge which was particularly close, and creeping through it like so many rabbits.

The exile, considering that if he could overtake them he might have some chance of regaining his route, without making any retrograde movement, followed. When he came to the place where they had passed through the hedge, he found he had been deceived when he had before examined it, by the branches of a wild vine, that hung in unpruned luxuriance of spray and tendril before an aperture sufficient to afford a passage to the largest man.

He passed through, and was able to keep the little mountaineers in view for the length of several fields, though he found it impossible to overtake them. At last he lost sight of them, but still proceeding in the direction he conjectured them to have taken, as he reached a common that bordered the cultivated grounds, he

perceived them all collected round an old man, who was seated on the grass, amidst some fern and furze bushes; a bill lay by his side, with which he appeared to have been laying the hedge, outside of which he sat, for he was taking off the large gloves used in such an operation of husbandry, in order to refresh himself from a basket which a young woman had just set down by him.

His attention was now directed to the exile by the children, who all spoke and pointed together, while they crowded round him, some holding the skirts of his jerkin, and some crouching beneath his legs.

As soon as he could disengage himself from them, he advanced courteously to meet the exile; and having learned the cause of his situation, signified his ability to direct him, but first invited him to partake of the homely meal which had just reached him.

The exile complied, after he had succeeded in making his peace with the little people, shaking the hand of one, not

tendered without some remains of reluctance, patting the head of another, and distributing among them all the small coin he happened to have about him.

The maiden who had brought the basket, and whose sun-embrowned countenance, white teeth, coral lips, and swelling breasts, might have attracted his eye, at least if Theresa had left him eye or heart for any maiden but herself, now displayed its contents, consisting of milk, new cheese, flat cakes, which the old man took care the exile should know were of her own manufacture, for she was his daughter, and abundance of fruit. The fare was all excellent in its kind, and if it were coarser much than it was, fatigue would have given it a relish.

When the meal was ended, and the old man had returned his simple, but acceptable, because sincere thanks, to the Giver of all good, he turned to his guest, and said, taking from the basket a flask of wine, which was now all that remained in it, "If Mein Herr will come to yonder

paling, where the high trees make a still more refreshing shade than that we have enjoyed here, I can shew him both the old and new Abbey of Marienfels, while we empty our flask." He then rose, and moved towards the place he had pointed to, Edward following. When they reached it, a scene of incomparable sublimity rushed all at once on his eye.

The paling ran along the brow of a steep declivity, from which it had formerly separated a sheep-fold erected on the common. The vale which this bounded was hemmed in on the opposite side by a still higher bank, and so abrupt, as to seem to defy the footstep of man; in this a wide chasm opened, immediately opposite to where the exile, with his rustic host, were standing. The gorge thus formed was united at top by a bridge formed of the trunks of huge larch, some of the unshredded branches of which still remained beneath. A vast body of water tumbled through it, sometimes

shooting up columns of foam, and laving, with wide-spreading showers of spray, the larch, the chestnuts, and the beech, that feathered the sides of the steep banks on either hand, and now impended over the stream, and now dipped their foliage in its wave. Sometimes it glided in smooth, unbroken course, when there was an interval of rock ; then again foamed, and fretted, and at length rolled, one vast unbroken mass, over a deeper fall, and then pursued its way, limpid and smooth, through the quiet vale. In the distance, as you looked through the chasm, the waters retired in long perspective, and spreading into an ample lake, a lovely landscape lay around its banks, now spreading in fertile and richly-wooded levels, and now diversified by gentle undulations, varied with vineyards, and corn-fields, and hop-grounds, and dotted with cottages, whose curling smoke was now distinctly seen on the dusk of the high background of the scene, from the lower part of which the sun had already withdrawn his rays. At the further ex-

tremity of the lake, the towers of a ruined monastery were seen, rising from amidst woods ; and further back, amidst uplands, which were also well wooded, a similar building, the freshness of whose walls, together with the glitter of its vanes, and chime of its clock, just then borne, with hollow sound, over the waters, indicated that some holy community sent up their orisons to Heaven within its precincts.

Farther to the left rose the slender spire of a village, the low-roofed habitations of which here mingled with the trees, and there formed a small quay along the edge of the water. Several small vessels, that bore testimony to the wealth and industry of the place, rode at anchor in its pleasant bay, and the white sails of others were seen stealing in various directions over the smooth waters, and now doubled a headland, and now were concealed behind a wooded islet ; while sometimes the dash of oars, and sometimes the chorus of the boatmen, were caught by the distant

woods, and if the bell of the monastery tolls for vespers, I wait till its last sound sinks amidst the hills, or murmurs on the waters, and then I know that pious men are praying to God, and I pray with them, and feel myself comforted; and then I have sometimes sat me down, and felt, as it were, chained to the spot, till night had fallen, and nothing was to be seen but the gleam of the waters through the gorge, and nothing to be heard but the roar of the torrent. But I am prattling, while I should be giving Mein Herr the information he wants. Does Mein Herr see those ruined towers in the trees? there is an island just between us and them; there—that which has the cottage on the knoll in the very centre—that from behind which the prow of that small vessel is just appearing; there—see the sparkle of the oars in the water. Does Mein Herr mark?”—Edward nodded —“ Well, that is the old Abbey of Marienfels; the new Abbey, that Mein Herr may see further up, bears the same name. I suppose Mein Herr is going to the fair

of Meerfedt yonder ? he will be full late."

"What !" said Edward, starting, "is there a fair at that village ?"

He now thought confused sounds, such as he had recently heard more close to him, came upon his ear.

"Yes, for certain," said his host ; "and I thought it might be thither you were going, for by the time you would reach the Abbey, the gate would be closed ; no stranger is admitted after sunset."

"But it's the old Abbey I am going to," replied the exile.

The man stared, muttered, and crossed himself—"The old Abbey ! why it will be full dark by the time you get there."

"And what then?"

"What then ! why then, if you were hardy enough to go within there fields of such a place after dark, you might seek long enough before you would get a companion on such a pilgrimage. What ! has Mein Herr never heard the cause why that old building was deserted, and the



brotherhood removed to the new building?"

"Never."

"Oh, that accounts for his thinking of a journey to it after nightfall. There's no one can give Mein Herr better information upon that head than I can, and if he has time to listen to me, and will sit down here, beneath the shade of these weeping birches, I will tell him all I know."

Edward, though he wished to reach the Abbey some hours before the time appointed, in order to examine its precincts, and take measures to guard against any cheat that might be attempted to be practised on him, still felt some curiosity to know what had made it a bugbear to the neighbourhood; and accepting the old man's offer, sat down.

"It is now some fifty years, Mein Herr," said the old peasant, "since the affair happened which I am going to relate; and how Mein Herr should be ignorant of it, is to me incomprehensible, for I verily thought it had been well known all over Switzerland;

when I was at Einsidlen I met no living soul who did not know it as well as myself. I remember when Thomas Bach (who since stood godfather to my grandson) and I went into the Golden Sheaf to get some refreshment the evening we arrived—and a lovely evening it was, just such a one as this—and happened to be talking about it, that a pilgrim came over to us, and asked us whether we weren't talking about the extraordinary matter that had occurred?"

"But," said Edward, interrupting him, "you forget that I have not a great deal of time to spare, and if you describe to me so fully how well the thing is known, you will fail to make me know it, which is the matter now in hand."

"True, true, Mein Herr. Well, it is some fifty years since—my poor father was then living, rest his soul—my father, Mein Herr must know, was tenant to the monastery, and had been there overnight with a basket of fowls, and it being late when he was about to return home, the abbot had permitted him to lie in the cell of one of the

monks, who happened to be absent. Heaven help us ! I never shall forget when he returned in the morning, before it was light, and knocked us all up, and rushed in as if the devil was at his heels, looking as pale as a ghost, and all wet and bemired. It's well he took care never to stay at the new Abbey after nightfall, though he was often solicited to do so by the abbot, who esteemed him much, thinking he was one of the best tenants the community had, for my mother made most capital cheese, and our corn was always the best in the canton."

"But when shall we get to the Abbey at this rate?"

"True, true, Mein Herr. Well, as I was a-saying, it was some fifty years since—I shall endeavour to tell it in my father's own words, for he had a good right to know all about it—it was some fifty years since, that one evening—it was the eve of our Lady—the whole community having for at least an hour retired to rest, about ten o'clock, the night being dark and stormy, a loud

knocking was heard at the portal of the monastery—a loud knocking was heard at the portal of the monastery—yes; these were my father's own words. The porter came to the gate in his shirt, growling and very dissatisfied, at being called out of his sleep—growling and very dissatisfied at being called out of his sleep—aye, that was just what my father said, and he had a good right to know whether such a thing would make Barnabas discontented or not, for many's the time he has been surly enough when he has had to let us in, an hour after the glorious sun was looking upon the earth."

"But the knocking at night?"

"Aye, aye; I beg Mein Herr's pardon. Well, Barnabas asked who was there? for besides that the night was dark and stormy, how did he know but it was some banditti, who had evil designs against the monastery. 'We have something,' said a hoarse voice, that Barnabas could scarcely hear for the howling of the wind, and beating of the rain against the windows of the portal, 'we

have something of importance to communicate to the abbot; you may let us in without fear.'—'I'll take care how I do that,' said Barnabas; 'when the wolf came to the lamb's door, he talked like her mother; it's not all gold that glitters. Sometimes a man fishes for an eel, and catches a snake; we must be merry and wise; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'

"Gaspar," muttered Edward to himself, "had the conciseness of Tacitus or Thucydides when compared to this man, who was certainly intended by Heaven for a school divine, whatever mischance put him to the plough."

"Well, Mein Herr, Barnabas gave them a score more proverbs, that I don't now recollect."

"Heaven be praised!" said the exile, unheard.

"He had proverbs at his fingers' ends, and was considered a man who knew the world as well as any other. Well, he

opened the wicket a little, taking care not to remove the great iron chain that secured it, and a flash of lightning just then lighting up the whole of the great court, into which the portal opened, he saw three knights on horseback, armed at all points. Barnabas, about a week afterwards, gave us a minute description of their plumes, and their surcoats, and their housings, when he came over of a message from the abbot; the message, if I recollect right, was to bring over, as soon as he could, the four sacks of wheat that had remained behind from the last cart-load, for having laid out the site of the new Abbey, the workmen would want to be supplied with victuals. This wheat was some, Mein Herr must know, of a particularly fine kind, the seed of which the abbot had himself given my father, and——”

“ But pray why need I know any thing about this? What I want to know is, why the Abbey was deserted?”

“ True, true; I beg Mein Herr's pardon. Well, let me see—Gadso, Mein Herr has

put me out. Well, Barnabas—no, that wasn't it—it was about fifty years since—”

The exile now perceiving that the tale would not be finished before morning, determined that he would not await the conclusion ; and starting up, and affecting to have forgotten some pressing business at the fair, begged the rustic would point him out the way.

It was in vain that the poor man reminded him that he did not seem to know any thing of the fair a little while before, and offered to proceed strait forward in his tale ; he was obdurate to all he could urge ; and the discomfited historian, with evident marks of reluctance, shewed him a path that wound down the bank, and marked several points where the road ran along the margin of the lake, after passing through the gorge.

He rushed onward, looking behind him frequently, terrified lest the mania of narrative should prompt the old man to accompany him, and pelt him with the proverbs of Barnabas, and the seed oats of the abbot.

He found him better skilled in topography than in the arts of narration, for he was enabled, partly by his directions, partly by an occasional open of the woods and hills to the lake on his left, to find his way without any further inquiry.



## CHAP. II.

—————It is a fearful strife,  
For man endow'd with mortal life,  
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still  
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,  
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,  
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance;  
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,  
The curtain of the future world.

*The Lady of the Lake.*

It was already dark when the exile reached a chasm in a wall that crossed a hill, and seemed to have been the enclosure of a park in which the Abbey stood, the grey masses of which were now discerned at no great distance, by the feeble light of the stars, rising amidst close plantations of yew and cypress, while he could hear distinctly the sounds of business and merriment ascending from the neighbouring village, over which the atmosphere was all bright with bonfires and illuminations,

partial glimpses of which he was able to catch here and there, where there chanced to be an opening of the trees and houses.

He contrasted the simple gaiety that there animated all hearts, the bustle, the music, the light, with the dark errand upon which he had approached the awful structure before him, with the shriek of the howlet, that came in the breeze, the silence, the solitude, the gloom that surrounded him.

He felt chilled in his frame and his mind, and for an instant thought of changing his purpose, for the search of the swarth maiden amidst the scene of rustic pleasure; but this was only the feeling of a moment, the next he was ashamed of it, and sprung through the breach.

The first care of the exile was to examine the edifice itself; it was still, in many places, undecayed, its massy construction having resisted the weather; and in others the dilapidation seemed to be more the result of the removal of the materials for the new building, than the effect of time.

He paced the cloisters, ascended into the galleries, and entered several of the cells, once the scene of penitence and devotion, perchance the poor refuge of broken spirits, upon which the world had trodden, perchance that of the dark villain, who ill concealed within their walls the lust for those worldly enjoyments from which his crimes had compelled him to remove. Silent and solitary as they had been, when their echoes only returned the bare foot-tread of the midnight penitent, or the low murmur of his prayer—when their arches gleamed only to the dim cresset that depended from their centre, or the slender taper of the nocturnal visitant of his last receptacle, they were now more solitary, more silent.

The whiz of the bat's wing was all the exile heard as he passed along, or entering, viewed, by the dim star-light that found entrance through the narrow casement, here the decaying remains of a breviary, there a scourge, still clotted with the blood of some self-tortured ascetic.

The chapel, into which he now made his way, bore every mark of having been once a superb structure; the roof having fallen in in several parts, he was enabled to examine, by rather a stronger light than the other parts of the building afforded, the fluted pillars, the rich painted windows, the magnificent carved work that surrounded the high altar, the tessellated pavement, and the colossal mosaics, with which the walls had been decorated.

He paced the aisle for some minutes, contrasting its present cheerless aspect with that of the time when it had blazed with tapers, and reeked with incense—when the splendid vestments of pontifical dignity, mixed with the simple garb of humbler holiness, had enriched the scene, while the strains of holy melody had now pealed, now lingered in dying cadence of sweetest symphony beneath the far-stretching concavities of its roof.

Through these the rising wind, finding entrance through the apertures of the roof,

now swept, in hollow and mournful-sounding blasts, in the pauses of which the exile heard the echo of his own footstep, however light he pressed the pavement, throughout the whole length of the fabric.

Again he felt his spirits yielding to the chillness, the gloom of the place, and the dark thoughts that were associated with its aspect, and he sought the open air. Here, too, every thing bore marks of desertion and decay. The walks, which appeared to have been formed with taste, were overgrown with grass, and docks, and thistles; the ponds that had supplied the community with water, were overspread with green slime, or choked with sedge; while the Triton or the Naiad, who had held the conch, or the urn, lay prostrate in the centre; and the plunge of the otter, and the flutter of the wild-duck, scared by the unwonted sound of a human footstep, was heard as the exile approached; the palings were broken, the shrubberies exposed to the devastation of cattle; several of the fruit trees of an extensive

orchard were ramified and otherwise decayed, for want of pruning; and the low howl of a fox issued from the door of an elegant pavilion.

The exile, as he stalked through this scene of desolation, thought it was indeed a place fitted for unholy deeds. The prospect of what was to come, together with the interest which the scene had excited, had rendered him unconscious how the time passed, and he started as he heard the bell chime the hour from the towers of the other building, and found that it was ten o'clock—that before two hours should have elapsed, he should have held converse with the dead.

He was pursuing his rambles through the grounds, in anxious rumination, when he thought, as he passed beneath a clump of cypress, that he heard his name repeated by a low voice, the tones of which were familiar to his ear, and which seemed to issue from among the trees. He stopped and turned; the sound was repeated, and shortly after a slender figure emerged

N  
a:  
th  
wit  
whi  
held  
in the  
and the  
the an  
step.  
the pol  
expressed

may see it there, a little way up the hill, where my mother and Theresa have stationed themselves, that they might have intercepted you if you should have passed down that way from the road."

"Theresa," said the exile, "station herself to intercept me! why, what new mystery is this?" But then he seemed to recollect that Theresa was near, and nothing else, and he ran, or rather flew, in the direction in which Juan had pointed.

The women were standing at the door of the summer-house, and, as they saw him approach, advanced to meet him.

He could scarcely disguise the rapture he felt at again beholding them; he pressed their hands to his bosom with all the warmth of friendship—oh! it was more than friendship; then gently reproached them for having left the hostel before he was up; and then informed them of the intention he had formed of seeking them, and becoming their companion in their return to France, and their protector when in it, if they would allow him to claim that title.



While he spoke he rolled in his hand the slender fingers of Theresa ; he found they trembled. He looked in her face, anxious to discover the nature of her emotion ; and notwithstanding the darkness of that, and the darkness of the night, he thought he could perceive that it was joy. He wished the scene had been less awful, the blast less cold, that hope might have been certainty.

"We shall most gladly," said the Moor, "avail ourselves of the kindness of our benefactor ; but this is not a time or a place to arrange matters of that nature."

"No more is it," said the exile, again returning to the surprise he had felt at first. "In the name of Heaven, how came you to know I should be here at this hour ? and what induced you to surmount the terrors the place usually inspires, if I have obtained correct information respecting it ?"

"That you have," said the Moor ; "but had it been ten times more repulsive, surely we could not have hesitated to visit

it, when the safety of our benefactor was concerned."

"My safety!" said the exile, with increased surprise; but he immediately recollected the doubts that had preceded his resolution to obey the invitation of the sorcerer.

"Time presses," said the Moor; "if you will listen to Theresa, she will explain all."

The exile was silent, and Theresa, having first looked anxiously round, to see that no one was at hand, began.

"You must know, milord, that the fair of Meerfeldt, where we have been pursuing our occupation, lasts three days, of which this is the last. In the evening of the day before yesterday, we had retired from our labours, very much fatigued, and I was just beginning to undress myself to go to bed, when Juan rushed into the room, in violent agitation—"Theresa," said he, in a loud but impassioned voice, 'I have discovered a villainous plot against the liberty, very possibly life of lord Rivers!' He was about to inform me how,

but suddenly recollected himself, and taking me by the hand, whispered, as he hurried me from the room, 'We shall lose the opportunity of knowing more about it.'

"I followed him, terrified and agitated, into the room where he slept; we both walked on tiptoes, and when he got in, he laid his finger on his lips, to enjoin silence. He then led me over to a slender partition, that separated the apartment from another, and made signs for me to put my eye to a fissure in one of the boards. I did so; but was ready to sink with terror when I beheld the sorcerer. There were two men with him, in the garb of soldiers; he was just dismissing them, and said, as they passed through the door, 'Remember twelve o'clock at the Abbey of Marienfels; don't fail; rest assured I shall deliver him into your hands!' He then stalked up and down for a little time by himself, and went out.

"Juan now informed me that the words I had heard related to you, as he had discovered, from the first part of the conver-

sation which he had overheard, the soldiers were in league with some Englishmen, to whom they were to deliver you, when they themselves had made you a prisoner, through the means of the sorcerer. What further evil awaited you I know not, but one very necessary piece of information, which Juan's trepidation had prevented his obtaining, was the night upon which you were to be entrapped. We were determined, however, to do our best to save you."

The exile pressed the minstrel's hand, and she returned the pressure by a sweet smile ; and she repeated, " We were determined to do our best to save you, and going down to the domia—pooh, I mean to say my mother, we informed her of what was going forward ; she warmly approved of our designs, and regretted that indisposition, by which she had been all day confined to her bed, prevented her from assisting us. We went out immediately to the fair green, and remained there till twelve o'clock, when we left the sorcerer

busy at his usual tricks ; for that night we were secure.

“ Yesterday morning we left the hostel where we had lodged, and, in order to watch his proceedings more effectually, we took up our abode in a small lone cottage in the woodlands which separate the grounds of this from those of the new Abbey ; and a little after the chimes had gone nine o'clock yesterday evening, Juan and I stationed ourselves where you found us just now. The—my mother could not come, being still too much indisposed to bear the heavy dew that was falling.

“ I remained here in great anxiety, as you may well suppose, for the place, and our business, was enough to inspire me with that, even if the life and liberty of my mother's benefactor had not been at stake.

“ The Abbey clock went ten—nothing stirred but the grey wing of the howlet, that sometimes swept athwart me ; eleven—all was still, silent, and lonely ; twelve—I now thought our business

was over for that night, when I heard a step, and soon perceived Juan approaching. He came up to me, breathless with the speed he had made. 'As I kept my watch,' said he, 'about two minutes before the hour struck, three persons passed me, making towards the Abbey; one of them I am positive is the sorcerer, the other two I could not identify for the men we saw with him, but I greatly fear lord Rivers is lost for ever; perhaps we may find him yet about the monastery, before he falls into the hands of his enemies; let us hasten thither.'

"Good Heaven!" said the exile, "and have I indeed found such friends, so young and yet so daring, when my welfare was at stake! Solitude, darkness, an haunted abbey, a terrific sorcerer—yes, the world has still something worth living for."

Theresa smiled with an expression he could not define; he cast towards her a penetrating glance, from which she turned her eye, and continued—"We reached the Abbey—you were no where to be

seen. We had visited in the daytime, and explored every part of it. Juan proposed that we should go through it, in the faint hope of meeting you in some of its deserted cells or galleries. I trembled, but followed in silence. After passing through corridors that ran round several courts, we at length made our way into the great gallery of the chapel, and a light from the nave soon informed us that the sorcerer was there.

“ We soon discovered him, by the light of a lanthorn which he held in his hand, amidst some ruined tombs and monuments that are in the enclosure on the south side of the fabric, through a breach in the wall of which they can be discovered.

“ The two men whom Juan had seen were still with him, but were persons of very different aspect from the soldiers we had seen in the hostel. They had all the appearance of persons extremely terrified, and not at all likely to be objects of terror to others. Their thoughts seemed bewildered ; and when the sorcerer spoke

to them, and appeared to point their attention to some inscription or other object, it was some time before they could collect themselves sufficiently to attend to him.

"All three now passed through the breach into the chapel; and"—she hesitated—"I can go no farther: with respect to what now occurred, my lips must be for ever closed."

"Go no farther!—lips for ever closed!" said the exile; "what can this mean?" He recollected the words of the sorcerer, which he had so recently heard—"Thou shalt behold unhurt what others, if they have but a glimpse of, close their eyes in temporary death, or madden, if they are not so fortunate, unless reason holds out at the expence of life."

"Oh," said the Moor, "this is the most extraordinary of all things; neither she nor Juan will say a word even to me of what they were witnesses to, and sometimes seem perfectly agonized if I press them. They might tell, they say, but they add, that I would not wish to make their instant



destruction necessary ; all I can learn from them is, that Theresa fainted at an early period of whatever dreadful scene was presented to their view ; but this daring young urchin, who is always apeing the man, held out to the last ; and I much fear," added she in a melancholy tone, " that his courage will have cost him dear, for he has not been himself since. He has been several times seized with fits, after which he talks in a wild and incoherent manner ; and he has been otherwise so unwell, that I would fain have persuaded him not to leave his bed ; but there was no prevailing on him to consent to this."

The exile listened in silent astonishment, and turning towards the youth, perceived by the feeble light which the moon, now risen, cast through a dense cloud, that his face was all swollen and inflamed ; and on taking hold of his hand, he found that it burned like a coal. He was about to second his mother's persuasions that he would return to the cottage, when the Abbey clock, to the preceding sounds of which,

as it struck the quarters, they had not, in the earnestness of their conversation, attended, chimed ; they anxiously reckoned the strokes ; it was midnight. :

“ It cannot be so late,” said Theresa ; “ yes, it is ; there—if you listen, you can hear faintly the peal of the organ from the monastery ; it plays while the monks enter the chapel, and take their seats.”

“ Silence,” said Juan ; “ there are people passing beneath the clump where I was just now stationed.”

All looked, as he pointed, concealing themselves behind the shrubs that had ornamented the entrance of the harbour. Two figures were discovered stealing down towards the Abbey, while they endeavoured to elude observation, cautiously keeping within the shade of the trees.

They had scarcely passed, when a third appeared, who, as he bore a lanthorn, was immediately recognised by the whole group for the sorcerer. He stopped for a few moments, and holding the lanthorn high, looked around him. He spoke to himself, and, as the wind blew towards the

harbour, they were enabled to catch his words.

“All hitherto proceeds well,” said he; “Heaven grant nothing may keep the bird from his cage! The night (he looked towards the moon, still shrouded in her cloudy mantle), the night is favourable; every thing conspires to seize his imagination, overawe his mind, and make him an easy prey. How mournfully the wind sighs through the heads of those tall cypress! the very appearance of that old, gloomy, deserted fabric, is sufficient to damp the courage of the bravest man; I could almost feel inclined to yield to terror myself, whenever I behold its massy towers, at such an hour as this, often as it has been the scene of my triumph, when I have trampled upon the spirit of the living; and fearlessly communed with the dead—But time presses; ere this he will have been in anxious attendance.”

As he spoke this he passed on.

The Moor now proposed that they should retire and conceal themselves in

some remote part of the grounds or the adjacent woods, till the sorcerer and his myrmidons, thinking that their victim had escaped their snares, should withdraw. But Edward, who felt his curiosity wound up to a pitch that he could no longer bear, and who thought that he might also unravel the web of the conspiracy which had been hatched against him, determined to reconnoitre the operations of the enemy, and his companions could not be persuaded to leave him, although, if he were assailed, it was not probable that they could afford him any assistance.

Juan said, that since he was determined, he thought the best way of ascertaining what was going forward would be to ascend into the gallery of the chapel, where he and Theresa had been stationed the night before, and where it was utterly impossible they could be discovered. He thought he could easily find the way, and as the entrance to it was at the farther end of the building from that towards which the sorcerer and his accomplices had passed,

they would, if they made directly for it, be almost certain of escaping them. "The purpose, milord," he added, "for which these persons have come, does not appear to be of a ghostly nature, otherwise I cannot be certain that I should undertake to serve you as a guide, after what I last night had the misfortune to behold." He shuddered as he spoke.

Each felt that there was no time to lose, and the exile, while he contemplated, with pity and uneasiness, the evidently diseased frame of his young friend, nodded acquiescence in his proposal.

The whole party soon made good their lodgement, and awaited, in mute expectation, the result.

A breeze had arisen, accompanied by driving rains, which sometimes sweeping the clouds that obscured the moon, allowed her disk to appear for a moment, as if to shew more clearly the wildness and desolation of the scene; then darkness returned; the wind sung loud amidst the fissures of the fabric, and the high trees that waved

without; and now it paused, and now it rose again, and, as it rose, the wild plaints of spirits whose reign had been disturbed, rose to the ear of fancy, in melancholy accompaniment.

"What a cheerless place!" said Theresa, in a low voice.

"It's no wonder that we should find it so," said Juan, "when the sorcerer himself seemed to feel its influence."

Edward was again about to express his sense of the generous temerity that had been exercised on his account, when a light appeared at the gate of the building, and immediately after the sorcerer entered, holding his lanthorn.

He was unaccompanied, and stepped cautiously forward, turning the light alternately to either side, and examining every recess as he advanced. At length he called the exile by his name in a low tone; the echoes of his voice whispered along the walls. He traversed the whole length of the chapel several times in this manner, and at length evident marks of impatience

were discernible in his countenance, as the light which he held falling occasionally athwart it, shewed all its terrible lineaments, rendered more ferocious and repulsive by the chagrin under which he suffered.

He now seemed to abandon all hope of finding him he sought, and suddenly gave a loud whistle. Immediately two men in the garb of soldiers rushed through the breach in the chapel wall, from among the tombs, where they had been concealed, and advanced towards him.

When they reached him—"For this time," said he, "you have missed your victim; we must chuse some better opportunity; fear not that I shall let him escape."

The men appeared extremely dissatisfied, and after a short pause, one of them, seizing the sorcerer by the collar, cried, "My friend, this is child's play; I much doubt you have brought us on a wrong scent, in order that the game might escape."

The sorcerer looked at him with a frown that seemed to overawe him, for he slowly

relinquished his grasp. Then with a smile, in which scorn, derision, and disappointment, were blended, and in a voice that, without effort, seemed to possess a volume of sound, equal to that of a dozen ordinary men—"Worm," said he, "thinkest thou that I directed my steps hither for the sake of the miserable reward proffered by your employer to tempt my avarice? or thinkest thou a menace from such a reptile as thou art could stir in me any feeling but contempt? Slave! I am prompted to spurn thee; but no," added he, assuming a calmer tone, produced probably by the terror displayed by the offender, "no, thou art no fit object for the wrath of Walmer. Know that it was for purposes of my own I sought to deliver lord Rivers into your hands; I wished him to live, that he might be the instrument of vengeance, but I wished the hour of that vengeance suspended; I wished him to be a captive till an hour big with doubt and darkness to myself had passed, after which, I would have nerved and directed



his arm. In the custody of the capricious tyrant who seeks his life, he would have been safe as the gems that glitter in his diadem. *My power,*" his form dilated as he spoke, "should have preserved him. But I fear it may not be:" he sighed deeply, and crossing his arms as he spoke, looked upon the ground; "yet to the last I will struggle for the glorious prize of immortality. One effort more, and if it fails, this poniard—but why delay the blow at all? What is it to me that his hand should inflict——no, there is severer retribution in it, and I would not that the culprit's crime lost any portion of its meed."

He then turned to the soldier, who seemed more dead than alive, and said—"You shall have the fugitive, fear not; and before that solitary chime shall sound that draws the thoughts of man, if perchance his couch afford not slumber, to the shadowy and awful forms of that viewless world, to which his darkling fancy or melancholy musings ever turning, acknowledge the links by which the lapsing time connects him with

it—ere that chime shall sound, thou shalt here behold the spirit of him thou seekest torn from his body, to declare where that body may be found. The summons it shall now receive may not be disobeyed. Tremble not, wretched animal ! thou shalt take no harm ; *my power* is effectual to save as to destroy.”

Having spoken thus, he passed through the breach, and soon returned, bearing in his hand a bag, which having opened, he displayed a similar apparatus to that which Herman had described as having found in the wood, and again in the chapel of baron Walstein’s castle. He immediately proceeded to set the tapers in the sockets, and arrange them before him.

While he was thus occupied, Juan and Theresa, both almost dead with terror, in a low voice besought the exile to leave the chapel ; but he had no ears for them ; he perceived that the meditated incantation was to be directed against himself, and his bosom was heaving with tumultuous

self-interrogations, as to the conduct he should adopt, whether he should wait till his spirit, wrested, as the sorcerer said it should be, from his body, should leave that body a prey to him and his companions, or, rushing down, become the assailant in the contest, however unequal. He embraced the latter resolution; and drawing his sabre, delayed putting it into execution only till he should have seen some portion of the sorcerer's proceedings, which a curiosity inflamed almost to madness induced him to believe could not immediately affect him.

The sorcerer meanwhile completed his preparations. Describing a circle round where he stood, within which he placed his companions, as if for protection, he poured a vial of liquid in three several places, and then scattered a powder over each. Each spot sent up a reek that filled the building with a heavy and intolerable odour. He then, with a wand, which he took in pieces from the bag, and fastened together by joints framed for the purpose, drew several

strange figures upon the pavement, then waved it aloft, and immediately fell into the fixed attitude that Herman had described him to have done, when he disclosed the scene of murder at the masquerade; his eyes had the same terrific glaze as of death, and his form was motionless.

The soldiers gazed upon him with a wild expression of terror in their countenances, while their limbs shook beneath them; and Juan, Theresa, and the Moor, clung round Edward in equal pain.

The exile alone was fearless; every emotion was sunk in that of curiosity; and in the eagerness of his desire to miss no part of the coming spectacle, he advanced in full view of his enemies, bending over the balustrade of the gallery, so that they would have needed the aid of no sorcerer to discover him, had not their faculties been too completely bound up by fear to admit of their using them for any other purpose than to contemplate the terrible being that stood before them, his spirit, to all appearance, wrapt into

some other sphere of existence. His countenance was turned towards the high altar, and had just exhibited signs of returning animation in a slight convulsion, when suddenly a blaze of light burst from it, that filled the whole chapel with a light clear, pure, and brilliant, as the summer's noon, when the east wind has chased the clouds, and the frame of man springs buoyant in the lightness of the tempered air.

The sorcerer worked in stronger and stronger convulsions; at length he seemed to have completely recovered his suspended animation.

The exile, who conceived that the brilliant light was the effect of his power, expected every moment the tone of high command to issue from his lips, and was now rushing down, and was again withheld by curiosity, when, to his astonishment, instead of any expression of authority, his countenance assumed every symptom of extreme terror and dejection; he looked fixedly towards the altar, from whence the light seemed to proceed, but which the

exile could not see, as he was stationed immediately above, and the gallery projected far beyond it ; a sudden weakness seemed to seize him ; he tottered, and at length sunk on his knees, his eyes still fixed upon the light, with terror that had increased almost to frenzy.

A pause ensued, during which even the most high-wrought expectation could not prevent the exile examining the astonishing scene that was passing before his eyes. The light, the purity of which declared a source far different from any of the gross materials by which man endeavours to remedy the absence of the all-cherishing sun, while its strength passing through the ruined windows and chasms that the roof of the fabric presented, spread wide through the atmosphere, insomuch that, the wind having become perfectly hushed, the song of the throstle, aroused by what seemed the light of day, was heard in the neighbouring trees, filling the silence.

The terror of the sorcerer, the soldiers prostrated with their faces on the earth, the

emotions of his young friends, which seemed now to have in them more of wonder and less of terror, all presented a scene that filled his bosom with a painful and undefined feeling of awe, into which the fears of the sorcerer had flung hope—of wonder, with which the loveliness of that clear light and the sweetness of the thrush's notes had blended admiration.

While he stood half entranced, awaiting the issue, a voice, loud as the thunder's roar, issued from the altar.

"In thy impious daring," it said, "thou didst at first barter thy wretched soul for permission to fulfil the decrees of Omnipotence, and thou wert suffered for a season to gratify thy miserable pride. When the guilty fall, it matters not whether Heaven's lightning blast, or a worm sting them. But with this thou wert not satisfied; thou hast presumed, in the madness of thy arrogance, to war with Heaven, seeking to thwart its immutable resolves. Thy hour is come! it may not be averted! perish!—And thou, unhappy wanderer,

seek not, in the restlessness of thy agitated spirit, to explore those depths of fate which the Almighty in his mercy hath concealed from man ; tread quietly and humbly the path that duty has marked out for thee ; in due time thou shalt be led by that unerring hand that moulds all human will, impels all human action, to the act thou art destined to perform. Meanwhile, let not passion blind thy reason, or cast a stain upon thy name, that would make thy offspring blush to remember it. The warrior of his country may not wield a mercenary blade ; the Christian may not wantonly cast away that life with which Heaven has gifted him. Contumacy doth not compensate for sin."

The voice ceased, and its subsiding murmur was like the far-off swell of ocean, when the whirlwind hath passed from its bosom. A short interval of silence ensued, during which the light glowed with augmented splendor, and again the throstle's song was heard, and then the light gradually withdrew, till no vestige of it remained, and the feeble gleam of the tapers that



stood before the sorcerer, scarcely enabled the dilated pupil to embrace any object that was not close to them.

The note of the throstle was no longer heard; the breeze had so fallen, that, as it swept, it scarcely moved the tall heads of the trees that towered above the decaying roof, and sometimes let their luxuriant branches fall through its chasms.

The spirit of the sorcerer seemed to revive in the absence of the object, before which no sternness of mind could bear him up. He raised his head, and supporting himself by the aid of the wand as he knelt, for he appeared too weak to stand—" 'Tis even so," said he; "the hand of fate may not be staid; we seek to shun the precipice, and when we think ourselves secure, we awake as from a dream, and stand upon its brink.

✓ "My doom is pronounced; I feel the death within me from which I had fondly hoped I was exempt. Oh! the fiend whom I have served works within me, and drags me to his footstool. Yet baffled,

cheated, stricken to the dust, the spirit that taught me to aspire above mortal hope is yet unconquered within me ; fear is yet a stranger to the spirit of Walmer."

As he spoke a sudden revulsion of feeling seemed to belie his words ; he again stared wildly towards the altar, from which a feeble, dismal, bluish light, which formed a strong contrast to the former, now streamed, and again his countenance quivered and wrought with strong spasms—"Hah !" he cried, "art thou too there? stay, stay, stay ! thy reign is not yet begun."

He strove to rise, but was unable ; then by a strenuous effort he seemed to recover a portion of his intrepidity, while a hideous grin of satisfaction struggled with the terrors that still distorted his features, and at length triumphed ; he was calm, but his calmness was more terrible than any passion that shakes the frame of man. The hand of death seemed to fasten on him, but moved not his spirit ; the livid hue of mortality overspread his countenance, which

again was all distorted ; but his eye confessed not the influence of pain ; it still marked the fullest consciousness, was fixed, was dreadfully stern. At length he fell, but again raised himself, and again looked with the same expression towards the altar ; but he could no more ; the weakness of the body rapidly augmented ; he again sunk to the ground ; his limbs writhed ; he struck his clenched hands against the pavement ; then he was motionless ; and a heavy groan, that, half stifled, marked to the last the inflexible stubbornness of his spirit, proclaimed his dissolution.

The light that had issued from the altar suddenly withdrew ; the tapers were extinguished with a hissing sound ; and dismal yells, as of exulting demons, filled the fabric. When these were no longer heard, the exile and his friends remained for some minutes silent, each wrapt in their own thoughts. At length—"Has man," said he, "ever before witnessed any thing similar to this ?—has—"

"Hark !" said Theresa ; "the wondrous

scene has not yet closed ; list to those sounds ! oh, are they not divine ?”

As she spoke, a strain of more than mortal melody swelled in the direction of the altar : all listened with a mixture of awe, wonder, and delight : again the strain arose, and the praises of the Most-High were breathed upon the midnight air : so sweet, so solemn, so impressive as that strain, no sound had they ever heard ; and now it was committed to one clear voice of exquisite flexibility and modulation ; and oh ! how soft, how tender, and yet how holy were its accents ! then as it paused, a full rich chorus burst upon the ear, filling the soul with a lofty enthusiasm, and this in its turn died gradually away, until but one note of thrilling sweetness lingered on the silence ; and now it was heard no longer : the ear still watched for its renewal, but no sound answered its expectation.

“ Heaven,” said the exile, in a solemn tone, “ giveth up no part of this fair portion of creative skill to the rule of the evil one : if, in fulfilment of its immutable pur-

pose, it permits malign spirits to brood within these walls, their reign is bounded, and the yell of the demon yields to the sweetness of angelic minstrelsy, as the dark and turbid hour of human life may be illumed by the cheering rays that patience, fortitude, and piety pour into the soul."

"I have heard," said Theresa, "that strains, such as we have just listened to, often unheard of those who stand around, and are still of this world, sooth the departing spirits of the just, and overcoming the pains of dissolution, imprint on the lifeless features a sweetness of content, that the sinner may not behold, and continue evil; oh! may such be the comfort of our parting hour!"

As she spoke the enthusiasm of her words was communicated to her actions; she grasped the hand of her mother, and that of Juan, and holding them to her bosom, looked at that heaven towards which her thoughts were directed, while the fire of her eye was distinguishable even in the feeble starlight.

The exile was carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment ; he thought of the hitherto simple conversation and actions of the simple, lowly, uneducated minstrel ; and as he contrasted it with the lofty ardour of the words he now heard, the angelic grace, the sweet and tempered dignity, of the fine form that was now before him, he said to himself—"Of a truth, if a livelier spark of the divinity lurk within us, it will shine and burn, although no friendly hand may fan it ; of a truth, no occupation, however lowly, may corrupt a nature in which there is inherent purity."

He gazed upon the minstrel ; her hat was thrown back, her luxuriant tresses, which had escaped from it, thrown carelessly over one shoulder, fell down her side, in graceful negligence, leaving one side of her beautifully-formed neck exposed to view ; her attitude, the wrapt expression of her countenance, her whole appearance, spoke of her intimate alliance with that heaven to which her eye was uplifted. The exile,

for the moment, saw in her only a saint who might be worshipped ; and, in a transport of devotion, seized her hand, and carrying it to his lips, imprinted on it a burning kiss.

This action, however, stopped, in all the current of enthusiasm, and some little coldness and confusion was on the point of succeeding, when Juan complained of being very ill, and expressed a desire to go into the air ; as he spoke, he leaned against a pillar for support, and almost immediately after fell.

The exile, distressed and alarmed, took him up in his arms, and carried him out of the building, the women following in great agitation and alarm. When he reached the foot of the staircase that led from the gallery, he found that the boy had fainted, and carrying him over towards a fountain that was erected in the centre of the court where he stood, and the trickling of water from which, reaching his ear, informed him that it still afforded a supply of that element, he sprinkled his face with it, and

was about to open the breast of his doublet, for the admission of air, when the Moor, who had just come up, entreated he would forbear, the disease under which he had recently laboured having rendered him extremely susceptible of cold.

It was upwards of an hour before the youth had recovered his senses, and then he was so feeble and languid, that it appeared difficult to remove him to the cottage, and Edward began to fear that they should have to take up their abode for the night within the desolate fabric in which they had witnessed so terrible a scene. Juan, however, said that he thought, if he were to rest for a little while, he should be able to walk ; and a few drops of rain falling, the Moor proposed that they should take shelter, for a few minutes, in some less decayed part of the building.

They accordingly made towards a portal that opened on the side of the court, to the right of that by which they had entered it, and found themselves, as well as they could discern by the starlight, for the moon



had set some time before, in a spacious hall, paved with squares of black and white marble, along one side of which an elegantly constructed staircase, also of marble, led to the galleries, and on the other a bench, sunk in the wall, beneath a rich painted window, still whole in all its parts, afforded a resting-place for the poor invalid.

They all sat down by him, and insensibly fell into conversation on the occurrences they had witnessed, and Theresa related several stories of apparitions, which she said she had heard when a child, from the peasants who dwelt near her mother's residence, with great simplicity, but with a skill in the selection of circumstances, and portraiture of passion, that made the blood curdle in the veins even of those who had recently witnessed things more awful than they now heard of; while the exile was still more deeply impressed with admiration of the fine talents she had received from Heaven, and regret that they should be all unpruned and uncultured, like the forest vine, that, in the depth of

some savage wilderness, grasps with its tendrils every friendly branch, and ramifies in rich luxuriance, till the husbandman, as he passes, sighs to think that had the vigorous and healthy stem received a timely care, it might have been the loveliest and most beauteous ornament of the beloved spot to which the labours of his life were devoted.

While they were thus beguiling the time, for Juan still remained too weak to be removed, Theresa having come to a passage of more than ordinary effect in one of her tales, paused, to allow it to work its due effect on the minds of her audience: whether it was fancy that was awaked by the tale, or the place, or the late occurrences, or that some person was really lurking around them, Edward, starting suddenly from his seat, asked if something had not passed? if no one had heard a step?

"I did think something glided beneath the staircase," said the Moor, in a tone of fear and uncertainty, "and passed through yonder door. Good my lord," she added,

"Let us leave this place ; those men who sought to make you their prisoner may have recovered from their fears, and may be lurking amidst the ruins, in the hope that you may have been detained from your appointment by some accident, and would hasten to it when no longer impeded, in the hope of still finding the sorcerer ; or, if we suppose that they conceive you, in consequence of what has happened, to be an object of the immediate protection of Heaven, and would, therefore, not dare to attempt any thing against you, still others, not so influenced, may have arrived since, to assist their comrades. If Juan is unable to walk as yet to the cottage, we at least had better seek some more retired part of the ruin ; its ample boundaries will not fail to afford us concealment ; but this appears to be a part of it through which no one that searches for another could fail to pass."

Edward admitted the propriety of her counsel, but first determined to explore some of the avenues that led from the hall,

to ascertain, if possible, the degree of danger he might incur from a further stay.

He gently refused to attend to the remonstrances of his companions, and once more drawing his sabre, issued from the door through which the Moor had imagined that the figure passed.

It opened on a kind of passage that terminated in another hall, and through a door on the opposite side of this from that by which he had entered, a wide area presented itself, which he thought, from the light that descended through the roof, must be the chapel. He entered it cautiously, and found that he was not mistaken ; all was still as death. He advanced along the walls, that if any one was there, he might escape observation. He stopt for a moment ; he thought he heard whisperings near the breach into the cemetery ; but listening again, he was convinced that his fears had deceived him, and he proceeded more boldly.

He was now opposite to the spot where the sorcerer had fallen ; he hesitated whether

he should examine it, and ascertain whether the soldiers had shared the fate of their companion, or had merely suffered a temporary insensibility, the result of their fears.

The rain, which had now come on with great violence, beat against the windows of the fabric, and the wind, which had again risen, howled dismally beneath its arches.

There was danger that, if a new party had arrived, they might be reconnoitring without, and that the violence of the tempest would drive them suddenly in upon him, perhaps with a light, which would at once reveal him.

He waited for some time longer; nothing stirred; his courage augmented, and he advanced to the fatal spot. The soldiers were no where to be seen, but the corse of the sorcerer lay before him. He stooped to examine it; it was already stiff and cold, and, as it lay immediately beneath a chasm in the roof, the garments were drenched with the rain. He mused deeply as he stood by it; he thought that no common vicissitudes of mortal life were to

be compared to that which placed him by the lifeless trunk of one, who, but a short time before, had prepared to snatch his own soul from its mortal tenement, and force it to become the reluctant betrayer of its proper interests; but he suddenly recollected the uncomfortable situation in which he had left his friends, and hastily retraced his steps.

When he reached the hall, he found the bench deserted; greatly alarmed for the safety of its occupants, he stood for a moment in self-deliberation, as to what way he should take in search of them, when he heard himself called by a low voice from a dusky corner of the apartment. He made towards it, and found those he sought; Theresa informed him that, while he was absent, the persons who had before alarmed them, or some other, had again passed by the staircase, and that they had taken up their present station with a view to concealment.

Juan now said he thought he could proceed to the cottage, and having issued

through the door by which they had first entered, the whole party soon found themselves on the walk which led to the summerhouse. The rain had again ceased ; they passed on, casting many a glance backward on the Abbey, as its huge masses now sunk into the darkness of the hills behind, and now, as they gained an eminence, flung its shadowy outline upon the sky or the waters.

At length, having passed a steep and closely-wooded acclivity, that screened it from their view, they quickened their steps, Edward and the Moor supporting Juan, and soon found themselves at the door of the humble habitation which was to afford shelter and rest to their harassed minds and bodies.

They knocked several times, but no answer was returned ; at length the old woman who tenanted the low mansion was heard striking a light, which soon shone through the narrow casement.

The door was now opened. As the party entered, the old woman cast a scru-

tinizing glance at the exile, and then a significant one at Theresa, but said nothing; she then kindled a fire, and observing that it was so long since her lodgers had gone out, they must stand in need of refreshment, set about preparing such homely viands as her cupboard afforded.

Meanwhile Juan was got to bed with all possible expedition ; and the exile had the satisfaction of hearing, in a few minutes, from the sister, that he had fallen into a deep and quiet slumber.

The cooking of the ancient dame of the cottage was soon dispatched, and the exile sat down to the poor refection, under circumstances that made it appear a banquet fit for the gods. It was sweetened by the poor man's sauce—a healthful appetite ; it was sweetened by toil that had been suffered, and peril that was passed ; but far keener was the zest it derived from the presence of her who had shot fire into his heart the first moment he had beheld her, whose every glance, and smile, and word, had since aided her faultless form and beau-



tiful countenance to win upon his heart, and who had just braved terrors that might have appalled the most resolute of the rougher sex; that she might shield him from his enemies.

Never, at the full-fraught board of luxury and grandeur, had he felt the delightful sentiment that inspired him, as he seated himself between his gentle friends, at the rude plank fashioned by rustic industry—never, when the meaning smile of some enamoured peeress had accompanied a desire to receive from his hand a portion of some costly dainty, had it excited a palpitation quick as that with which his heart bounded when Theresa, whose shape, slender and elegant, yet full and round, with scarce an angle to offend the eye, now divested of the coarse part of the poor covering that was wont to conceal it, and quite sufficiently adorned by the slight boddice and petticoat that remained, had divided his attention with the office of president of the feast, which he had assumed—when Theresa stretched forth her hand

to steady the wooden dish, a portion of the contents of which had already escaped, partly from the undue distribution of the mental faculties of the carver, partly from his want of habit and skill in humouring its several customary obeisances to right and left, backwards and forwards, beneath the pressure of the clumsy knife, and, while she held it, smiled a smile in which there was pity for his fallen fortunes, esteem for the good-humour with which he could accommodate himself to their privations, satisfaction at the cause of his awkwardness, and a spice of that archness and roguery that loves the slender misfortunes of one's friends, and that gave a poignancy to its other ingredients. The exile smiled too, but he did not complete his task the sooner for the assistance afforded him, for it was pleasant to labour with such a partner, and he loved to examine the mould of the long taper fingers, and to mark how the lowliest office might call forth a grace, sweet as the violet's

perfume when bruised by the foot of the steer.

Why missed not the once-luxurious exile the prompt service of the liveried lacquey, the golden goblet, rimming with the red, rich, sparkling beverage, the voluptuous strain, or the dazzling wit that seasons the rich man's banquet? Why looked he with placid content upon the withered Hebe, as she placed by his side the rude pitcher, filled with the pure, but tasteless element? Why did the largeness of his bounty bespeak the tranquil joy that loves to spread itself around, when the favoured servant of the household, with tail erect and importunate mew, and restless attitude and frequent remembrance of head and shoulder rubbed beneath, a paw stretched upwards, demanded to participate in the feast, and was joined in her suit by the prick-eared, shaggy-coated cur, who rose to the pleasant steam, and shook a shower of ashes from his sides, and strained his eye, and held his head erect, and whined solicitation, while each seemed encoura-

ged, rather than repressed, by the hand and voice that would have protected him from their intrusion, so soft, so sweet was the rebuke, and each still seemed to wonder at the goodly and unwonted profusion that had taken place of the rigid temperance to which they had been trained by their ancient and prudent mistress? Why was each vengeful, each ambitious thought banished the exile's bosom? Why was the sacred grief, the loved, the treasured grief, that from his heart's best vein had welled such sweet and bitter waters, lulled for a season? It was that thou, almighty Love, didst rule the hour, didst pour into that humble shed a living stream of that thy purer light; that sooths, and cheers, and warms, but scorches never—thou, thou, almighty Love, who, if the simple wants of nature be supplied, permittest not thy votary to roam in mazes all fantastical and intricate, that know no egress; nay, even these wants, all pressing as they are, be but thy influence felt, have lesser pungency. Turn we to Maracanda's deep, vast soli-

sons, with whom the business of life might connect her.

The morning ray had scarcely streamed through the narrow casement, when, anxious to preserve life and liberty, that might now be employed for a grateful and pleasant purpose, he rose from the straw couch on which he had stretched his limbs, and tapped gently at the door of the inner chamber.

The soft voice of Theresa answered the knock ; he asked how Juan did, and having learned, with satisfaction, that he had passed a good night, he departed, with many a sigh heaved as the distance increased between him and the dwelling that contained all that made life valuable.

He had remained upwards of a week at the hostel, awaiting the promised message, solacing himself with rambles in the forest, in the course of which he often visited his favourite bank, and with the sweet numbers, that more than the presence of pontifical grandeur, glorified Avignon ; but no tidings reaching him, he began to fear

that either Juan continued ill, or that some mischance had befallen his friends, in consequence of the sorcerer's death, or their efforts for his preservation.

When once this apprehension had assailed him, he found suspense intolerable, and determined, at whatever risk, to know the event. Accordingly having left Wiesendorf as the shades of night fell, in order to diminish the danger he incurred, he arrived at the cottage the next morning, just as the day began to break.

He knocked at the door, but no answer was returned. He repeated the knock; the dog growled, but seemed unwilling to rise from his warm lair in the chimney-corner, conscious that poverty wants no guard.

Again he knocked; still no answer; he became impatient, and at length making his way round to a window which he knew opened from the room occupied by Theresa, he was alarmed at finding that there was no curtain before it, and, as well as he could distinguish in the grey obscurity of the dawn, that the room was deserted.

He now again applied to the door, and still receiving no answer, he was about to break it open, in the augmenting impatience and agony of his soul, when, chancing to cast his eye along a path, that, after running by a hedge that inclosed the cottage garden, suddenly turned into the wood, taking the direction of the ruined abbey, and on which a few early sparrows were already busily employed picking seeds scattered by the autumnal breeze, he thought he could perceive a female figure emerge from the wood, and advance towards him.

It slowly approached, and he soon was enabled to recognise the ancient tenant of the cottage, who, when she was near enough to be heard, cried, "Alas! Mein Herr, what has brought you hither? I hope you haven't been long waiting? I suppose you know what has happened? Well, who would have thought that so sweet, so fine a young creature——"

"Who—what—what young creature?" asked the exile, in a voice half-stifled with

terror, and to whose imagination the death of Theresa immediately presented itself, as the cause of the old woman's sorrow. "In the name of Heaven, speak quick! what has happened? where are the dear friends I left in your dwelling?"

"Alas! dear heart, then you know nothing about it, as it would seem; I don't know that any thing ever grieved me more since the day——"

"But pray don't talk now," said Edward, "of any other grief, but say as briefly as you can what has happened." Who is dead? he would have added, but his tongue refused to form the cheerless articulation.

The beldam was again commencing her circuitous method of information, when he grasped her violently by the wrist, and his whole frame and countenance exhibited such marks of almost frenzied misery and consternation, that she was frightened, and renouncing for that time a privilege she had never before been known to abandon,



declared that Juan had paid the debt of nature.

Edward, who, in the anxiety of his love, had never once thought of the probability of his being the sufferer, felt as if a mountain had been heaved from his breast, but the selfishness of his satisfaction soon presented itself to his conscience; and when he had learned that the old woman had left his mother and sister praying at the grave, and he had proceeded to partake of their sorrows and their devotion, he wept plentifully as he walked, for he remembered the gentle manners of the youth, and that it was to preserve him he had risked the existence of which he was now bereaved, at the very opening of that season when man begins to triumph in the consciousness of his faculties.

He had not advanced far before he perceived his unhappy friends returning slowly to their humble lodging. As he approached, they seemed alarmed, but the gentle accents of his voice were soon re-

cognised, and they stood beneath a spreading oak, whose sear leaves the morning breeze was shedding around them, till he had reached them. The yet feeble light scarcely permitted him to distinguish their countenances, which, moreover, were shaded by large mourning hoods, as were their whole persons, by the foliage that spread wide above them.

Their grief was silent; perhaps its violence had in some degree exhausted it.

Edward pressed the head of each to his bosom, (sorrow ever justifies familiarity, for it excludes the thought of evil,) and wept over them.

They walked slowly to the cottage, the mistress of which had already lighted her fire, and set about preparing an early meal.

When this had been dispatched in melancholy silence, Edward tried, as well as his own emotions would permit, to offer consolation to the mourners; but the Moor having informed him by a sign that she wished to speak to him in private, he followed her into the inner apartment;

and she there informed him, that Theresa had exhibited some slight symptoms of the malady that had destroyed her brother, who had become rapidly worse since the morning after the adventure in the abbey; that she had observed that these symptoms were sure to recur whenever her mind was drawn towards him; that she had in consequence endeavoured to divert her attention as much as possible, and had in some degree succeeded, notwithstanding the recency of the calamity, for she exhibited a consciousness of the necessity of it, and lent herself willingly to any efforts for the purpose. She wished him, therefore, not to mention the ill-fated youth in her presence. She then proceeded to inform him, that a longer stay would possibly be productive to him of very evil consequences, for that several horsemen had been of late seen upon the high grounds around, some of whom had even slept at the abbey; and some report of his having been lodged for a night in the cottage having got abroad, two monks had been sent to ascertain the fact, and had

departed apparently very little satisfied with her assurances, and that of the old woman, to the contrary. She added, that she was now ready, together with her daughter, to accompany him to France ; but she feared that neither would be able to bear the journey on foot, or any part of it, in consequence of the recent fatigue they had endured in attendance upon Juan. She had heard, she said, that the lake issued by another channel, besides that at its extremity, from its bason, and fell into the Rhine ; and she thought, if a boat could be had, that to fall down that river would be as easy and pleasant a method of performing the journey as could be devised ; the only difficulty, if he would accompany them, being as to how he should dispose of his horse. She then pointed to a higher part of the banks of the lake to the left, as the spot where the waters found egress.

The exile had fallen into a fit of uneasy thought, when she mentioned Theresa's illness, but had cheered himself with the hope that a change of scene, and due at-

tention to keep the image of her deceased brother from her mind, might prevent any evil consequences; he had also considered with much satisfaction the great medical skill of the pere Etienne, who had assured him that he would soon follow him on a visit to his brother. He now mentioned these grounds of consolation with much eagerness; and at the same time expressed his resolution to sell his horse, and adopt the plan of conveyance proposed by the Moor, observing, that in his journey from Wiesendorf, he had passed the branch of the lake to which she had alluded, over a rustic bridge.

It was now determined that he should immediately return to Wiesendorf, and having sold the horse, should be in waiting with a boat on the third morning, at an early hour, in a small cove that was situated immediately beneath the ruin, where they would join him.

He then took leave, and having completed his arrangements with all possible expedition, and taken up his residence at a

little town on the right bank of the lake, a little below the outlet, the night previous to the appointed morning, the stars were yet clear in the firmament, though a solitary lark was already carolling beneath them, and the waterfowl were issuing in small flocks from the creeks where they had passed the night, when he anchored his boat in the cove, assisted by the person from whom he had hired her.

## CHAP. IV.

The grey mist left the mountain's side,  
The torrent shew'd its glistening pride ;  
Invisible, in flaked sky,  
The lark sent down her revelry ;  
The blackbird and the speckled thrush,  
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE exile and his companion had not waited long, when a rustling amidst the trees, and immediately after the sound of light footsteps, announced the approach of his fellow-travellers.

Their old landlady preceded them, bearing a lanthorn, for it was still dark ; and Edward remarked with pleasure, as he steadied the plank by which Theresa passed into the small vessel, that the eye of the old woman, as she received her farewell, glistened with a tear, and her lips moved in a parting blessing.

He now arranged her whom he was in rapid progress to consider the treasure of his life, in as convenient a situation as he could, wrapping her and her mother in long cloaks, which he had taken care to purchase for the purpose, and seating himself next to her at the helm, desired the boatman to get under way.

The practised navigator obeyed, working the vessel with a pole round a headland that formed the cove ; then having hoisted the sail, the snowy canvas bent before the morning breeze, the murmuring surge smote the prow, dashing a light spray athwart it, the slender streamer fluttered aloft, and the trim and gallant bark, which, to the fond fancy of the steersman, appeared like a thing animate and elate with the consciousness of precious freight, cleared steadily the waters. " We shall be able to make Constance to-night," said Edward, addressing the boatman.

" If the wind holds," replied the other, " we shall."

Silence now ensued for some minutes,



disturbed only by the scream of the water-fowl, as they rose on the approach of the vessel, the murmurs of the parted waters, and the low humming of the boatman.

At length, Edward perceiving that the eye of Theresa was fastened on the towers of the old abbey, that were seen rising amidst the gloom, and fearful of permitting her mind to rest on the ideas that were associated with such an object, asked her whether she did not feel the morning air cold on the water?

"Thanks to his care, she was quite warm."

"I had no notion," he continued, "of finding you so punctual; as I approached the cove, I calculated on blowing my fingers for half-an-hour at least."

"We should have been inexcusable," said Theresa, "had we been inattentive to the comforts of one who has been so sedulous in promoting ours. I fear," continued she, in a gentle tone, "that being excluded from associating with high-born dames, you may miss that pretty arrogance and caprice, that I have known so highly

prized by some of your sex; that mimic empire to which you love to bend, while you grasp with so firm a hold all real power. I should be inclined, perhaps, to indulge you with a specimen of it occasionally, but I fear I might be like the ass in a fable, which a young friend of mine once read to me, that got deserved castigation for apeing the manners of the lapdog."

Whether Theresa was sincere in this self-depreciation, or whether it was an artifice of female vanity and confidence to challenge comparison, we shall not venture to pronounce; but certain it is, that it did cast our hero into deep thought, in which he called over the roll of all the fine ladies he had ever known; and he thought the arch and playful manner in which the words had been spoken, had more in them of grace than could be found in the antics of a thousand of those to whom the part of the lapdog in the apologue had been assigned. "I am banished the court," said he to himself; "but I have found in Nature's wildest haunts more than a court can pre-

sent. The fragrance of the exotic was indeed passing sweet, and stimulating to the sense, but its sweetness surfeited, and to preserve it from every rude breeze was costly. Here is the simple rose, that, all unprotected and unscreened, blooms on its thorny stem, dispensing a perfume so congenial, so refreshing, I feel it may not satiate."

The dawn now feebly glimmered in the east, as the vessel glided with steady, but rapid motion over the bosom of the lake. As the light grew, the surrounding landscape gradually disclosed its features, which seen from the surface of the water, assumed a cast of greater magnificence, for the minuter parts being concealed from view, the bolder outlines of the more prominent were flung unbroken around.

The high grounds to the right presented a great variety of surface; the bank sometimes rose perpendicularly from the water's edge to a great elevation, thinly sprinkled in its ascent with lichens, briony, ivy, and other hardy plants; but its brow was fringed

with coppice, that girt a gently swelling summit, whose still fresh verdure was cropt by a herd of deer, just risen from their lairs, and moving amidst a few scattered chesnut trees that surrounded a ruined watch-tower.

In other parts, the shore retired with now a bolder, now an easier sweep, rich with hamlets, and farm-houses, and orchards, and vineyards, till it reached the foot of a high mountain, that stretching northwards, now sent forth its masses in promontories, the summits of which seemed to impend over the smiling scene beneath, now threw upon the eye, from its majestic woods, the thousand tints with which the autumnal sun had overspread them, and now retired in deep gullies, into which the light was not yet sufficiently strong to penetrate. Beyond, to the eastward, still higher summits occasionally rose above the nearer mountain, enriching with their numerous shades of purple, deep or faint, in proportion to the distance, the warm and mellow colouring of the landscape.

lapse. Before they left the gorge by which they were to enter it, they determined on breakfasting ; and a green sward, with fragments of rock, presenting them with a favourable situation, with a natural board, and natural seats, they landed for the purpose. They collected firewood from the coppice, and the boatman being provided with flint and steel, soon blew up a cheerful flame, beneath the shelter of an indented crag.

The exile ascended a height which overhung their pleasant saloon, presenting a vault rich with Nature's fret-work and enamel ; and finding his way to a cottage, that peeped, with its turf seat, and its chesnuts, from between two green banks, soon returned with a supply of goat's milk, fruit, and other rural dainties.

He then stood with his arms crossed by the fire, and watched Theresa as she prepared the meal ; but sometimes he looked at the boat gently rocking in the stream, and sometimes at the waters of the river, seen through shrub-fringed cliffs ; and now

he marked the goldfinch and his mate, and their progeny, flitting from thistle to thistle; and now listed the mellow note of a blackbird, perched upon the top of a neighbouring sycamore, which having shot up to a greater height than those around it, had sustained a nipping blast, and though still full and luxuriant beneath, presented only withered and naked branches above; and then his mind rested on the rampiked plant, and he thought that it was an emblem of the ambitious man; and because that it was like himself, he wished some friendly hand might shred away decay, and give it still to ramify in humble and undistinguished luxuriance; and as he formed this wish, he looked again on Theresa, and as he marked her household skill, and the grace with which she ennobled the lowliest occupation, he thought that, all poor and coarsely garbed as she was, if he were seated on King Henry's throne, and thus elevated above censure, he would without hesitation snatch her to his bosom.

Again he looked around him ; the scene was very still, very secluded, and very pleasant. The light air smote on his brow, cool and refreshing ; the music of the dark maiden's voice invited him to his meal, and as he seated himself on the rocky fragment by her side, he had almost said, " I can scarcely think that I am miserable."

The meal concluded, the travellers re-embarked, and having soon entered the Rhine, they glided with a favourable breeze between its pastoral banks—dined upon its margin as pleasantly as they had breakfasted—and towards evening, the broad waters of the lake of Constance lay spread before them.

The wind was hushed as the sun declined from its meridian, and as the vessel glided gently over the wide expanse, they had full opportunity to examine the loveliness of the surrounding scenery, and to listen the various rural sounds that came from the populous banks.

Night had fallen ere they made the city of Constance, but they could observe its

its towers rising from the water as they slowly approached it, more clearly defined by the light that rising from its populous streets, filled the atmosphere above; and they were pleased to contrast that light, and the distant and confused murmur of voices, with the silent waste of waters that spread around them, where nothing was heard but the ripple of the low wave, as the prow cleared it, or the whistle of the boatman, as he braced the sail and looked anxiously upwards for a breeze, or the dash of oars as some light market skiff shot by them towards the port.

It was late before they landed; the bustle of trade was stilled, and the inhabitants appeared all to have retired to rest: as they stood consulting with their boatman as to the best means of providing a lodging, a watchman, with a lanthorn in his hand, issued from a street that ran from the quay.

The exile having applied to this man, he conducted them to a small, but neat



house of entertainment, the mistress of which was on the point of extinguishing her fire. The arrival of guests, however, suspended this operation, and the travellers having been provided with a slight refreshment, withdrew to the comforts of cleanly beds, and neat apartments, from whose chequer-screened windows they anticipated the pleasant prospect they should enjoy on the morrow.

The succeeding day they spent in examining the city, then thriving and populous, but soon to undergo a sad vicissitude, when, merged in the confederacy of *Smalcalde*, she was to share a more than equal portion of the ruin with which the successful tyrant whelmed its supporters. But the busy merchant recked not of the day that his posterity was to wander in cheerless poverty through grass-grown courts, and dilapidated streets, and wealth, and hurry, and the joyous confusion of business, reigned all around.

"I know not how it is," said Theresa, as she passed through the crowded mart;

"I have been obliged to frequent crowds of late, but I have never been able to acquire a relish for them."

A noisy vender of fish passed her rudely as she spoke, and had nearly shoved her down. She grasped the arm of the exile, and looked terrified. He turned short, and seeing what had happened, inflicted summary chastisement on the offender.

Theresa's terror increased; she feared that the peasant would retort, and she grasped the arm of the exile tighter, and implored him to leave the place; but her fear was vain; the man had felt at once that he was no match for the stranger, and slunk away, midst the laughter of those who had witnessed his rudeness, and its consequences.

Theresa again entreated him to leave the mart, but whether it was that he thought her fears childish, and such as ought not to be indulged, or thought it would be useful to her to become acquainted with mercantile affairs, or wished to gratify his own curiosity, or whatever else might have

been his motive, certain it is, that he turned a deaf ear to all she could urge, notwithstanding that he had no later than that very morning, in a fit of his ancient gallantry, declared that he lived but to do her bidding, and thereby earned as sweet a blush as ever dwelt upon the cheek of modesty; notwithstanding this, he now led her about against her will through the thickest parts of the croud, explaining this and that, with a volubility that hardly permitted her to repeat her prayer; so that the poor girl had her panic so often repeated, that she at length became more practised; and instead of grasping his arm on the approach of danger, thought she found a more effectual protection by shrinking behind him; and by that time, it is to be presumed, he was weary of the place himself, for he evinced no longer any reluctance to leave it.

They continued their journey on the ensuing morning; and having reached Schaffhausen about noon, stopped to

change their vessel, and contemplate the magnificent cataract, that there interrupts the navigation of the river.

The exile stood with Theresa on the brink, and he amused himself with remarking the natural bias of soft woman's spirit, in the awe and trepidation with which she stooped forward to view the foaming torrent, and the abyss below, into which it precipitated its waters; and then pointed, for the voice could not be heard, with a look of satisfaction, to a cottage on the slope of an eminence embosomed in trees; but he was more pleased when, approaching himself the brink, he placed his foot on a projecting rock, and stooped till his plume was dashed with the spray, and his companion forgot the fears she had entertained for herself, and advanced to draw him back, with gentle, but anxious solicitation; and then he stood by her for several minutes, and listened the thunder of the dashing waters, and marked the tumult of the crowded beach, some loading, others towing their vessels, the form of man di-

minished by distance, and his loudest shout unheard amidst the rushing of the flood ; and he lent his mind to the littleness of man, compared with the rude and careless, but grand and enduring monument of creative power that was before him ; and as he looked at the maiden, and marked a kindred feeling depicted on her eloquent countenance, the awe that stole into his mind was at once enhanced and sweetened.

When their slender stock of moveables was transferred into their new vessel, they again glided forwards, listening the receding roar till it sunk in distance, and the quiet lapse of the stream alone was heard, or the peasant on the bank stimulating the horse that towed them.

They arrived at Lauffenberg that night, when they quitted the river, and having engaged with a maleteer to convey them across the Canton of Basle, they passed the next day the upper extremity of the ridge of the Jura, and arrived without accident, on the evening of the same day, at a village on the borders of the forest, in which

the brother of the beneficent monk had taken up his abode, and, as the exile was enabled to ascertain, about three leagues from his dwelling.

## CHAP. V.

Chi mi vede soletto in viso smorto  
 Passegiane questo bosco a lento passo,  
 E come ad or ad or, qual nomo assorto,  
 M'arresto immobil sì che sembro un sasso;  
 E come spesso nel sentier più torto  
 M'implico sì, ch'appena poi trapasso;  
 E come gli occhi, ch'ognor pregni porto,  
 Alzo alle stelle, e'n terra ancor gli abbasso.  
 Oh quanti, dire, ha in seu crude martiri  
 Quell 'infelice, e quanti affanni rei!  
 Sembra talor, che l'alma esali e spiri.

MAFFEI.

THE first care of the exile, on the ensuing morning, was to seek some pleasant and sequestered spot in which to deposit his treasure, where no vulgar eye might intrude upon their privacy.

Such an one he had no difficulty in finding amidst the wild mazes of the forest, and it was not till he had completely settled his friends in their humble habitation, which

he supplied from his own small store with every article conducive to rural convenience, that he felt himself at leisure to visit his future host.

He found that he had been for some time in expectation of his arrival, and had prepared the best chamber in the dwelling for his accommodation.

He was a cheerful and intelligent old man, whose temper had not been soured by the disappointments he had experienced, and his daughters comely, simple girls, who, after surveying their guest with timid curiosity for a few minutes, withdrew to their household occupations.

The exile, after he had been three or four days an inmate of the family, wondered that neither of the damsels gave any indication of a wish to ensnare his heart, for he had never, at any preceding period of his life, resided in the same dwelling with a young unengaged female who had forborne such an attempt; but the problem was solved on the ensuing Sabbath, when two well-looking, though rustic youths,



made their appearance at the cottage; and the sire informed him, that he entertained hopes of their being able ere long to take his incumbrances off his hands.

A latent sting of offended pride had ere this been rankling in the bosom of the exile, and though he had felt it with emotions of indignation against his own weakness, and a firm resolution to expel it, still the force of habit was constantly impelling him to the practice of some of those soft seductive arts, which he had never found to fail, if the quiescent attractions of his fine person and expressive countenance were found insufficient.

We do not mean to say that love, pity, penitence, melancholy, and all the other feelings which take man out of the little, low selfishness of his nature, had not gained such effectual power in the mind of our hero, that he would not have been enabled to subdue his vanity, or at least to fly from the necessity of a contest with it; but the information he now received did away even the necessity of a tacit compromise,

and he felt relieved from that irksome gnawing of the spirit, ever consequent on a struggle between a sense of duty, and every lofty, every generous feeling on the one hand, and some involuntary stirring of sordid and turbid passion on the other.

He now returned the frank and simple attentions of the innocent girls with the feelings of a brother, and felt, what he had never felt before, how sweet it was to be the undesigning friend of a young, handsome, and innocent female, to receive her artless confidence, and having aided her in the accomplishment of her wishes, her artless and ardent gratitude.

He had leisure now to turn his thoughts to his own situation, to ask himself what views he should substitute for the dark purpose which the voice he had heard in the Abbey of Marienfels, and which, he doubted not, was a voice from heaven, had driven from his mind—to recall the image of Luise, dwell upon the lesson of her dying hour—and steady his mind in the resolution never to debase the maid that loved him.

He determined to await the tide of events in patience, when he was trying neither to accelerate or retard them; but with respect to the love that was growing in his bosom, indeed had almost engrossed his soul, he could come to no decision.

To be the husband of an itinerant musician, who could not read—if he were ever to regain his rank, if ever any of his former companions should pass by chance the retreat in which he might hide her and his shame from the world—the thought was terrible; but far more terrible, and with greater energy expelled the mind, was the thought of her filling the arms of another—of her smile cheering his labour—of his infant pressed with a two-fold warmth, because it bore his image, to her fragrant bosom.

Self-deliberation on this topic was sure to terminate in postponement, or in vague hope that some event, he could not say what, might solve the knotty point, or in a vain, half-formed resolution to rest content with the enjoyment of Platonic affec-

tion, in any thing but the acceptance of the lesser evil, the acquiescence in the lesser privation, which was in fact his only alternative.

He at first determined not to nourish a passion that he at times could not but foresee was likely to be productive to him of much misery, in a greater degree than a reasonable attention to his *protégées* rendered necessary; and he endeavoured, by solitary rambles in the forest, by calling up the image of Luise, to whose memory it would be treason if he were to love again, by a close study of a few select books with which his host had sought to improve his retirement, and by awful meditations on the event which was to make him the instrument of Heaven's vengeance, to wean his mind from the minstrel; but it was in vain—a solitary ramble nourished love; the mild countenance of the poor Luise would not wear a frown of prohibition; she was now above all earthly jealousy. Books, however pleasing, are read with no relish by the lover, if his mistress

hear them not, if she do not glow with the lofty, soften with the tender sentiment, smile at the archness of fantastic humour, or wonder at the cunning of the hand that sets before the eye the sweet varieties of nature.

He resolved to try the more active pleasures of the field ; and for two or three days the remedy was useful ; but he was not a little puzzled, when afterwards he returned day after day with empty pouch, to answer the questions of the old soldier as to what parts of the forest he had tried for game, and to still his wonder that the abundance with which it teemed should have permitted his toil to be bootless. If he would, indeed he could have repressed every question, every shrug, by a confession of the truth, for the truth was, that the hours he was supposed to be traversing the forest, he had spent in the cottage where Theresa had taken up her abode, and which was not more than one league distant.

This was not because he had become

blind to the danger that lurked around him; but it was a matter of duty and Christian benevolence, that he should not be an inefficient protector, when he had promised his protection.

His dear friends were lone women, without the means of arranging many things that a woman's strength was unequal to. There was scarcely a day that he had not a bed to put up, or a grate to fix, or a bacon-rack to hang, or some other job of a similar nature to begin or complete; oh, it would be difficult to say all that's to be done in a newly-established household, however small. It was this humane attention that made him throw aside his fowling-piece; and then there was no reason that he should not take pleasure in his toil, for it was passing sweet when Theresa handed him a hammer or a chisel, however simple was the office, or when she steadied the stool on which he stood, and begged him to take care he didn't fall, or came so familiarly when he called *Theresa*, for truly he did very much affect to pronounce that

name like one to whom the owner of it belonged.

The autumn passed in this manner, and by the time it had passed, the household was completely arranged ; and the motive which the exile had assigned to himself for the frequency of his visits, of course no longer existed ; but by this time he had imposed on himself a new task, namely, that of preceptor to the maiden ; and as she learned every thing he taught her with surprising quickness, he found a double incentive in the pity it would be to leave so fine a mind as she possessed waste, as he found a double delight in the performance of the duty, for duty he would think it.

But he had now another inducement, besides humanity or love, to spend his hours as he did, for the family in which he had become domesticated received constantly a guest whose company to him was utterly disagreeable. This was an old military gentleman, who resided at a short distance, and who having served with the sieur Thomas de Villeneuve, had contracted with

him a close intimacy ; and as he had no family, and had saved some money during the course of his peregrinations, which he had intimated should at his death be divided between the daughters and his friend, he was looked upon, in some degree, as a second parent, and was an almost constant visitor at the cottage.

The first day he dined there after the arrival of the exile, he had made very strong remarks on some bitter language that had fallen from the latter with respect to Henry and his favourite, which had not gone without a retort ; and after his departure in the evening, the sieur Thomas had informed his guest that his ancient friend had been in his youth favoured with some very high marks of distinction by his sovereign, a circumstance which had caused the current of his loyalty to flow ever since with a force that almost converted a virtue into a vice ; and having mentioned the connexion that subsisted between them, he begged, as a favour, that he would indulge his foible, assuring him that in every other respect he



would find him well worthy of his esteem and good will, provided he subscribed to his doctrines of implicit obedience, and never mentioned a crowned head with disrespect.

The exile was by no means so tenacious as not to yield a ready acquiescence ; but the old officer so frequently broached his favourite subject, and appeared so little satisfied with the non-resistance of silence in the person he had resolved should be his antagonist in argument, that his presence became insupportable to one who, from his cradle, had never been much accustomed to impose any restraint on himself.

His fair friends, too, had imbibed some suspicions with respect to his want of success as a sportsman, and his constant descent into the dell beyond the fern hills, and the old beechen covert ; and talked sometimes of a linnet's nest that no rude hand might approach ; and hinted how reasonable it was for those who repose confidence, to find it in return ; for when could woman think of aught else when she could think

of love? This latter grievance he would not perhaps have felt as one, if he had been deceived as to the gratification of his love; but as it was, it combined with the other principle of repulsion to aid the attractions of the linnet's nest, which, sooth to say, wanted no assistance; the shades that screened it might not be easily beheld and avoided.

He now commissioned a peasant to provide him a reasonable quantity of game, to save appearances; emptied his shot-pouch and powder-flash into a brook he was used to cross in his return, as occasion required; and took his station, with great punctuality, every morning by Theresa's fireside.

Till now he had never lived. The bound of the forest roe was not more active than the range of his beloved pupil through the paths of knowledge he spread before her; and this was a source of delight such as he had never formed any idea of.

Those only who have marked a fine female mind in a beauteous form, expanding at the touch of love, while it confesses no-

thing of the pride that forms the chief stimulus to male learners, eliciting surprise by its powers, admiration by its graces, and rapture by its timid and humble unconsciousness of both, while its possessor seeks but to please the dear instructor—such only can appreciate the attractions of his present employment.

He became every day more and more enamoured; and soon finding that it was impossible to conceal from the family of his host the real occasion of his absence every morning, he indemnified himself for the pain of the confession, that he visited two destitute females, whom fortuitous circumstances had placed beneath his protection—a confession made with a reluctance similar to that with which an outlawed miser reveals to a friend the spot within the land he must no more revisit, where his treasure is deposited, by lengthening his visits, from which he now never returned till near bedtime.

The winter had now set in; the forest had yielded its leaves profusely to the first

frost that in the course of the night had fringed with silver the margin of the brook, and sprinkled with rime the willow that dropped its branches to its surface; but the orange foliage of the beech still held with its accustomed tenacity, and still mingled with the green of the lofty pine and humble juniper, screened from the northern blast the cottage of love.

The frost appeared to have visited the earth only to increase by nakedness the dreariness of the scene, for it immediately yielded to heavy rains, that swelled the brook to a torrent, drenched the soil, and drove the cattle that had wandered amidst the forest glades to the bounteous crib, and the well-thatched homestall.

The exile, however, permitted not the weather to rob him of his enjoyments, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends in either cottage; indeed it increased them, for what satisfaction did he not derive from the cares of the dark maiden, when he arrived drenched with rain at the vine-dressed porch, and saw her, as he

passed the casement, sitting at her work, remote from the fire, in order that he might not be made to wait a moment for admittance, when she took his cloak and cap, and looked wistfully at the drenched plume of the latter, and sighed to think he had endured the pelting of the storm, but soon cheered again, that she might cheer him, and set his chair by the ruddy blaze she had prepared against his arrival, and took from it the warm slippers, and pressed him to remove from his feet its well-soaked covering; and then, when all was settled and comfortable, looked at the window as the storm dashed against it the sleet and the rain, and with a tone and an eye that spoke sincerity of pity, lamented the hard lot of those who were not so well fenced from its fury as themselves! The hours that succeeded might not easily be forgotten by one who had a heart to relish them.

When the lecture was over, mingled with smiles and approbation on the master's side, in which love reigned triumphant, and timid hopes that she had succeeded to

his satisfaction, or that of the pupil, together with sportive remarks on her inaptitude, so unpardonable in one of finished stature; then the wild Provençal tale, or the sweetest love-strain breathed among the myrtles of Italian bowers, supplied by the small library of the veteran warrior, (for the old man loved the Muses,) was produced from the pouch of the exile, and sweet was the delusion of fancy, and the anxious impulses of pity, fear, and hope that followed; and when the volume was closed, then neither might the employments of the friends be severed.

It was a joint task to feed the redbreast (man's willing guest when the tempest is abroad) that had already sought shelter from the inclement season, and erred not when it chose its hostess. If the maiden prepared the simple meal, the exile fanned the embers, and moved each more pondrous vase; if she worked, he watched with silent and pleased surprise the beautiful flower or leaf grow beneath her fingers,

and selected the silks that were to form their future shades, and was chidden for lack of skill when he presented them, and, unabashed, tried again, for the chidings of the maiden were pleasant to his soul. When she sung at his bidding, he touched a rustic flute, and the notes that he mingled with the breathings of that voice were of a sweetness that he thought no skill of his could have extracted from any tube contrived for purposes of melody.

Mysterious and fantastical are the ways of love; love is like the dreamed-of essence that we grasp, and it vanishes—the full-blown rose that we pluck, and its leaves are scattered—the nectared cup that bathes our lips, and is dashed upon the ground.

Often had our hero rioted upon lips so pouting, so red, so moist, they might not be surpassed in richness—upon breasts so full, so round, so white, the blue vein's course was seen in its minutest windings; but never had he felt the undefined, the tumultuous, the perturbed, yet the all-delicious sensations that now raged through

his veins at the sight of forbidden beauties. Till now, he had not known the contest of timidity and passion ; the struggle, painful yet pleasing, between the desire to enjoy, and the fear of offending, or, still more, the fear of rendering the object of a love for which we could not, with cheeks unblenched, or utterance unobstructed, feel there might be a limit, unworthy of retaining it.

He had heretofore greedily snatched what was apparently refused, but in reality as freely offered ; and scarcely had he possessed, before he wondered at his avidity. How different was it now ! he was like some intrepid youth that plunges in the dammed-up current ; he breasts its eddies, his eye filled with the glow of courage that may not dispense with danger, and joys to hear the pent-up waters fret and foam and rage around him ; if the mound gives way, and the river thunders to the plain, there too he loves to float upon the quiet tide ; but he will often, at the bidding of memory, repair to the scene of his more vivid, more



turbulent joys, and mark with delight the crumbled bank, and deep-worn ravine, that tell of the pleasant toil and hazard he had coped with. He was like the waters themselves of such a current, that love to spend their confined force in grateful wanderings from their legitimate channel, now circling some hillock, now dividing some mead that shed profuse verdure, touched by the freshening moisture.

The joy of his best triumph was not equal to that of the stolen glance, that, sent over the shoulder of the maiden, rested on the full firm orb that swelled from her simple but neatly-adjusted vesture. The hem of her garment, as it touched his instep, while his foot was near to hers beneath, thrilled his every nerve; and if, while he read some passage from the page of some enamoured bard, fraught with a keen passion, she removed not her round soft arm from the grasp of his trembling fingers, the flush of his burning palm, that was a moment which the blessed in Heaven might envy him.

The maiden was virtuous, but she loved, and she could not conceal that she loved, for she was artless; but her very love had in it a purity that cast a mountain rampart round her innocence. If the hand of the exile imperceptibly, perhaps unconsciously, slid round her waist, and was rising gently upwards, she removed it gently, but she frowned not—nay, in very deed, she looked as though she wished it had a right to rest there; but there was in that gentle removal, and in the timid confusion that accompanied it, a prohibition more effectual a thousand times than scorn or indignation, which are often meant to stimulate the intruder.

The exile felt it so, and even when he sometimes affected to look upon the strange shapes of the winter-evening fire, from a dusky corner, but in reality looked upon her countenance, illumed by its beam, and saw her eye resting intently on him, and filled with a mighty love, even that did not impel him to think for a moment, that were he treacherous villain enough to make

the attempt, he could succeed in sallying her virgin purity; her loveliness lay before him like the fruit of the Indian plant, that, ripe, and from on high, attracts the eye of the weary wanderer—like it, all ripe and tempting, but, like it, unassailable.

Sometimes, indeed, her gentle rigour was more relaxed; but it was in those seasons when even the rude and petulant passion of man lists the voice of virtue and is still. He had told her of the ill-starred Luise, he had imposed it on himself as a penance to do so, at the hazard of losing her esteem; but the heart of Theresa imbibed a keener passion, when she marked his penitence, and he saw that, and he spoke frequently of the maiden he had wronged, and who, now beyond the reach of his cruelty, slumbered in Rosemalde; and in the sympathy of her who lived to love him, he found a joy as keen, but more holy, than the smile of her love; for then, as she mingled her sobs with his, he hid his face upon her shoulder, and took her hand between his hands, and pressed it to his bosom, and

then to his throbbing temples, and was not forbidden, and was greatly comforted.

But this was a state of things that could not last with one so impassioned, one who had never checked his passions. The grape's delicious juice inflames the soul of man, but a thousand grateful visions ascend with its fumes as they assail his reason; but if the Circean draught be continued, a cold, languid, and joyless obstruction succeeds.

With respect to Theresa, it is hard to say how long she might have rested content with the joy that was in her grasp; the exile saw distinctly that she loved him, but he was surprised, and somewhat piqued, to find that her love produced in her none of either that turbulent delight that had taken possession of him, since he had been her constant companion, or of that pining misery into which it was now about to be changed. She loved, and she was ignorant whether she might ever repose in the bosom of him on whom she had bestowed her heart—nay, she loved with deep, settled,

rooted love ; he could see it well, and yet she was calm and happy, as though secure of the fulfilment of her wishes : had she not a spice of Adelaide's indifference ? oh no ! she was delighted when he came, sorrowful when he went, smiled when he smiled, wept when he wept, with ready sympathy ; he knew not what to think of it. But for himself, his short-lived joy was rapidly retreating ; the more inflamed his passion grew, the more uneasiness arose, from his inability to decide upon making the maiden his wife ; he grew impatient, gloomy, and sullen, and remained absent from the cottage for three days at a time, spite of the mild, unexacting dejection, and tear-red-dened eye that he marked when he resumed his visits. At those times he used to wander through the forest, the soil of which had now become hard with the frost, that had succeeded the rains. Every thought was dark, for it entered his mind through the medium of the doubt and discontent that pervaded it.

When he dwelt on the memory of Luise, he shed no tear; when he thought of the wizard, whose fate he had witnessed, he felt as if he wanted again the sad and awful feelings that accompanied his pursuit of knowledge with respect to that mysterious being; and it was with a dark, fierce, and impatient joy, that he contemplated the promised blood of him whose crimes had sated his soul with horror.

Theresa marked the change that had thus taken place in his mind, and it affected her severely. The efforts of her mother and his to divert her mind from dwelling on the death of Juan, and the terrible mysteries she had witnessed, and which she still could not recollect without an aberration of reason, that increased with the continuance of the fearful images that assailed her fancy, had not been unsuccessful; but as chagrin took place of tranquil enjoyments, the task devolving now, as it did, on one, seemed to be more difficult; she reverted more frequently to the source of

rooted love; he could see it well, and yet she was calm and happy, as though secure of the fulfilment of her wishes: had she not a spice of Adelaide's indifference? oh no! she was delighted when he came, sorrowful when he went, smiled when he smiled, wept when he wept, with ready sympathy he knew not what to think of it. But for himself, his short-lived joy was rapidly retiring; the more inflamed his passion grew, the more uneasiness arose, from his inability to decide upon making the maiden his wife; he grew impatient, gloomy, and sullen, and remained absent from the cottage for three days at a time, spite of his mild, unexacting dejection, and tear-dimmed eye that he marked when he resumed his visits. At those times he used to wander through the forest, the soil of which had now become hard with the frost, had succeeded the rains. Every thing was dark for it.

And his mind

When he dwelt on the memory of Luise, he shed no tear; when he thought of the wizard, whose fate he had witnessed, he felt as if he wanted again the sad and awful feelings that accompanied his pursuit of knowledge with respect to that mysterious being; and it was with a dark, fierce, and impatient joy, that he contemplated the promised blood of him whose crimes had sated his soul with horror.

Theresa marked the change that had thus taken place in his mind, and it affected her severely. The efforts of her mother and his to divert her mind from dwelling on the death of Juan, and the terrible mysteries she had witnessed, and which she still could not recollect without an aberration of reason, that increased with the continuance of the fearful images that assailed her fancy, had not been unsuccessful; but as ~~amusement~~ took place of ~~tranquil~~ enjoyments, the task devolving now, as it did, on ~~her~~ seemed to be more difficult. She was more frequently ~~attracted~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~



her malady, and the consequence was, as might be naturally expected, that it every day gained ground.

Of this the exile, wrapt in his own meditations, which were not unallied to madness, was not aware, till one day, after an absence longer than usual, he happened to pass through a glade in the forest, hurrying forward to anticipate the minute when the sinking sun would send a flood of fire through the boles of the aged oaks, that spread westward far beyond the scope of human vision, and view that mighty blaze refracted by the earth's white vesture, from a spot where he was accustomed to behold it, and find in its quiet and soothing grandeur a brief respite from wretchedness.

He was just about to enter the brushwood, on the opposite side from that he had issued from, when the figure of the beloved maiden caught his eye, at a little distance; her cloak was drawn tight around her; her hair, partially disengaged from her hat, floated on the breeze; and her step was hurried and irregular.

He felt surprised, he knew not why ; for as the weather was serene, though cold, she might have come out for exercise ; but there was something in her appearance and manner to create surprise ; the truth smote on his mind ; he stood to see which way she would take. She did not pass in among the trees, but turned and walked to and fro ; he slowly approached her : as he came near enough to obtain a view of her countenance, he perceived that her eye rolled wildly, that she muttered to herself, and that her whole deportment was that of a person bereaved of their reason. As soon as she saw him, she started, then hurried towards the trees, but stopped when she reached them, turned round, and gazing wistfully at him, burst into tears.

His soul was filled with terror and anguish ; he gently took her hand, and in a voice that evidenced extreme anxiety, asked if she was not well ? She made no reply ; she appeared like one who had awakened from a turbid dream ; the tears she shed copiously seemed to have relaxed

the tension of her mind, and the wildness of her aspect had given way to her wonted gentleness, tinged with a slight confusion. She placed her arm within his, and they silently took the way that led to the cottage.

Here, when he learned from her mother that her malady had increased to a very alarming degree, he felt as if he was again about to murder the maiden of his love, though with a different weapon, and nothing but the terror of alarming her could have curbed the usual vehemence of his self-reproaches.

Nothing so effectually expels passion as passion; he forgot, in his anxiety to soothe the maiden, the sense of evil that oppressed his own heart; but when again she was serene and happy, again the wayward fit had grasped him, and he recommenced his wanderings.

Theresa, who observed that when he came to her after severe bodily fatigue, his mind seemed calmer, sought no longer to restrain him, but as the weather continued fine, she sometimes proposed to walk with

him. The offer was always accepted with delight; but she appeared to reap more advantage from the attendance she was willing to devote to the mind-diseased man, than he did, as she followed him through coppice and thicket, winding the vale, or climbing the steep, while he appeared unconscious of the fatigue he imposed on her, or felt himself; her sinews were braced, her cheek was flushed with a deeper red, and the inestimable treasure of a robust health was the reward of her love.

She seemed to have in a great degree shaken off the disorder that threatened in every darker hour to overwhelm her reason; she could now speak of Juan with calmness; but not even now could she dare to cast her thought towards the scenes of horror that had snatched him from her side; for the exile, in the wantonness of security, as he marked her strengthened frame, had glanced at the topic, less impelled by curiosity than a desire to have a topic of conversation suited to the gloom that darkened his spirit; but he could not

hermit's peace, and not estranged from heaven—a happiness within his grasp, and for the rejection of which nought on earth might compensate.

It was on this spot, where his solitary wanderings were used to terminate for the day, when the exhaustion of his frame made the stillness of his spirit less painful, that he now each evening, at the selfsame hour, stood with Theresa, and opened each avenue of his wounded heart to the sweet consolation that she knew well to administer.

Her response to his descant on the solemn sweetness of the surrounding scene was filled with a wild and unchastened eloquence, that relumed the fading fire of his eye; for her fancy was of itself luxuriant, and it gratified him to think that his instructions had still further enriched it; but to arouse admiration and delight is not the way most effectually to obliterate uneasy thoughts. She knew how much less violent is the transition from wretchedness to sorrow, than from wretchedness to

pleasure—how much less liable to reaction; she knew how sweet a balm its sacred drops could shed upon the corroded spirit. She paused; and the name of Juan died upon her lips, as if he too had heretofore stood by her in such a place, and at such an hour; but as she looked upon the grief-worn countenance of the exile, all pale, within the fine but neglected locks that, scattered by the breeze, were cast dishevelled around it, it was easy to know that her look of ardent pity, the tears that fell fast upon the hand she grasped in hers, all, all was for him. Nor was it ineffectual; he too remembered that the youth had died, that he might live; the chord of softest vibration was touched: he spoke of the youth, and he spoke of Luise; the tide of grateful sorrow swelled high. Again he hung over the maiden of his heart, commingling copious tears; and when the growing night compelled them to leave the accustomed haunt, as they slowly drew near the cottage fire, he felt his bosom lightened of a heavy load.

## CHAP. VI.

Eternamente d'amoroso foco  
Arderà, mereè vostra, il petto mio;  
Ne fia che pere cangiare etade, o loco,  
Il vostro amor giammai ponga in obbligo;  
Anzi crescer vedrete a' poco, a poco  
Dell'amor vostro in me sempre il desio.

CORSINI.

MATTERS were in this state when the pere Etienne arrived on his promised visit to his brother; and after having given the exile pleasant tidings of his boy, informed him that he had obtained a promise of very high rank for him in the Emperor's service; or if he had thought better upon that subject, he would be enabled, by the interest of a nobleman of very great court influence, to obtain him a civil employment, by the acceptance of which he would be placed in an advantageous situation, at once to use the documents in his posses-

sion for the destruction of the perfidious favourite, and, instead of cutting off the hope of reconciliation with his royal master, enable him to perform services that would tend to bring about such an event ; he added, however, " that if he accepted the post, he must set off for Vienna immediately, as it could not remain much longer vacant."

The vision of the Abbey of Marienfels had produced a due effect upon the mind of our hero ; he devoutly held that a voice from heaven had forbidden him either to seek death, or to enter a foreign service ; therefore it only remained for him to decline or accept the latter offer.

If he had never seen the minstrel, he would not have hesitated ; but now, to the astonishment of the pere, after having hinted something of the change which had taken place in his mind, with respect to the boon he had at first solicited, he begged time to deliberate on the very advantageous proposal that had been just made him.

When he retired to consider of it, it at



first struck him that he could carry his treasure with him ; but on second thoughts, many difficulties, in the way of the execution of this plan, presented themselves to his mind. Theresa, if it were known that she was no relation of his, and the difference of complexion would sufficiently declare that, must, if she permitted his visits, sacrifice her reputation ; for suspicion is a weed that perhaps germinates every where, but it thrives and grows rank in a metropolis, where innocence can never be sufficiently marked to check its growth : if he did not visit her, she might be exposed to the insults of libertinism, and that gratuitously, for what corresponding advantage should he enjoy ?

He perceived clearly that he had no alternative left but to decline the offer, or make her his wife ; and for some minutes the uneasiness under which he had suffered for some time was increased ; but he was, fortunately for the rest of his perturbed and wearied spirit, now driven to that point at which man, compelled to an election of

a lesser evil, shakes off the doubt that is greater than either, and having embraced what he dreaded, almost instantly finds that it will not press with the weight he had supposed.

He determined to wed; and he had no sooner done so, than the gibes and scoffs he had contemplated appeared, even if he should have to sustain them, no way formidable.

An hour before he was pining in misery, because he could not resolve upon a measure that he now set about accomplishing, with an ardour which might easily have been supposed to result from the removal of any barrier to the gratification of his desires, but one self-imposed. In half-an-hour he was at the cottage door, and as he entered it, the joyous smile that had taken place of the gloom by which his countenance had been so long clouded, at once pleased and surprised the maiden.

But when he told her of the offer that had been made to him, she turned pale and hung her head. He asked her, for he could

not for the life of him proceed with the deliberation which an affair of such importance requires; whether she would accompany him (her eye brightened, but there was something of doubt and distrust in it) as his wife, as his own, own wife, the treasure of his bosom—the dear, dear wife, the possession of whom might be the best subject for gratulation or envy, as friend or foe might cast a glance upon the economy of his being?

The poor girl, whose hand he had held in both his while he spoke, appeared at first thunderstruck; but now she half-raised her head, and looking with a smile of doubt from the corner of her eye, said faintly, “What! a poor, wandering minstrel to be the wife of a lord?”

“Aye,” answered he; “and a thousand times more precious to my soul, than the richest, noblest dame that Henry’s court can boast its ornament.”

A wild stare of joy now animated her countenance, she drew her head back, and looked him full in the face for a moment,

to see if sincerity was written on his brow ; and when she perceived that it was traced in legible characters, she flung herself into his arms, and burst into a passion of tears.

Edward compared her artless joy with the practised coquetry he should probably have met with in a woman of his own rank, and was confirmed in the opinion that he had done well.

He staid the remainder of the day to enjoy his new-found happiness, and it was not a little augmented by the infantine and almost ludicrous simplicity, that made every effort of the destined spouse to conceal the hugeness of her satisfaction utterly abortive.

Sometimes she sat for a quarter of an hour at a time, in perfect unconsciousness of what was passing around her, till awakened by some call of her mother ; and the exile loved the smile of that day-dream better even than the music of her voice. In her household occupations she blundered a dozen times in a minute, and was at length obliged to abandon them alto-

gether to one whose joy was more tempered than her own. If the hand of the exile roved as before, but with greater freedom, she removed it as usual; but she seemed at the same time anxious that he should have a multitude of minor tokens of the good-will she bore him; and when they parted at night, she refused not her lips to the first burning kiss he had ever impressed upon them.

The next morning he communicated to the friendly monk all that had happened to him since their separation.

He heard with astonishment, such as they were calculated to excite, and with no mark of his former credulity, the first part of his narration, and admitted that very strange things had before reached him with respect to the death of the baron; but when he came to mention his connexion with the minstrel, and the step he had taken the day before, he shrugged up his shoulders, seemed much to pity his folly, and while he expressed a wish that at least he had been less precipitate, he took from his bo-

som a letter, which he had just received, and which, on his giving it into the exile's hand, was found to contain tidings of the death of the nobleman upon whose favour his future fortune was to have been founded.

The exile, however, to whose mind the yesterday's joy of his beloved was still present, made light of the misfortune; said he had for some time been contemplating a life of quiet obscurity; and after thanking the father for his exertions on his behalf, desired he would add to the obligations he had conferred on him, an immediate visit to the future partner of his life.

The pere willingly complied, and on his return, admitted the strength of the temptation, which had impelled him to a step he could not consider otherwise than unadvised, and was rewarded for his admission, notwithstanding the manner in which it was qualified, by all the documents, the possession of which had led him to project the ruin of the cardinal.

When he communicated the disappoint-

ment he had sustained to Theresa, she seemed pleased at it, smiled, and said, "that it was himself and not his rank she loved; and that she should now have him all to herself, or with only the little cares of rural life to take him from her, and many of these she would share, and none of them would beget the uneasiness inseparable from the stronger stimulants of ambition, and the pursuit of wealth."

The removal of doubt, says Petrarch, is the beginning of comfort; and it is doubly so, if it open, through the mist of prejudice, a way to the gratification that nature acknowledges.

The exile now, in the fulness of his new-found happiness, wondered how he could have for a moment hesitated to grasp it, and inwardly smiled at the puny evil that had deterred him; but while there was any portion of joy yet unattained, he was not of the placid nature that could refrain to taste it, finding a greater sweetness in the consciousness that he could when he pleased, and fearing that enjoyment would

ate. In a week from the arrival of the pere Etienne, he was called upon to exercise his holy functions; and the peasant Edward clasped to his heart his poor, his lowly, his dark-brown, but withal, his beautiful wife, with a rapture ten thousand times more keen than it is probable he ever would have derived from the possession of a titled dame, in the bosom of pomp, of luxury, and flattery. If his joy could admit of increase, it did so, when, a few days afterwards, he saw the child of the still fondly-remembered Luise, for which the pere Etienne had, at her instance, dispatched a trusty messenger, cradled in her arms, lulled in her fragrant bosom, and heard her call Heaven to witness that she would be unto him as a mother, while the willing tear was shed for the sufferings of her that bore him; and the pleased infant smiled and chuckled, as if conscious he had found a friend. How holy an embrace was that which followed!



The days now passed rapidly, for there was no decrease of love.

The voluptuary says that possession cloy. He who *really loves* finds in it an augmentation of his passion ; the coolness of marriage is not, with such as can taste of higher joys than mere sensuality affords, the result of satiety ; it is the result of discord, which is most likely to arise when the feelings are keenest, and most refined ; but fortunately every one's experience has taught them that there are couples who advance from youth to age, subjected to no chill but what is consequent on the general resignation of passion ; and even where the eye has often lightened with wrath, and the bitter word has blasted affection, even then, is there any passing gallantry that can afford a sentiment so powerful as that which influences the forgiving litigants, when grief or joy (for joy asks sympathy as well as grief) draws them to each other ? Sweet then is the memory of ancient love, sweet the memory of com-

mon cares and common sufferings; most sweet the pressure of the common bond, that, binding close their spirits, expels every wayward humour.

The exile, perhaps, was not exactly possessed of the temper that would render love enduring; but the still, deep, pellucid waters that rest in the hollow of the stately mountain-top, finding their level through a thousand unseen veins, give birth to the soft verdure that circles the brow of the neighbouring eminence. Even so had Theresa gentleness enough for both; the frame of her mind was of a structure that is seldom to be met with, combining, as it did, the keenest sensibility with a temper not, indeed, insusceptible of being ruffled, but quite insusceptible of that gall which, infused into the wound that passion inflicts, forbids it to cicatrize. Therefore it was that no couple ever loved warmly as the sojourners in the forest, with a fairer chance of continuing to do so; and warm assuredly was their love. When weeks and even months had passed away, it was still

unsated; it had even increased; and indeed the chief uneasiness in the lives of those whom it held in bonds so firm, resulted from the excess of it.

If the exile journeyed to some rural emporium, in search of such conveniencies for the simple household as the forest hamlets did not yield, he was miserable lest some accident might betide in his absence; and this feeling, as he drew homewards, would augment to pain almost intolerable, till the wane moonbeam, or the glow of embers, disclosed to him the form of his adored wife (for that was the word that, once the subject of his pleasantries, now sounded sweetest in his ear) stationed at the small casement, where labouring under anxiety similar to his own, she would spend the weary hours of expectation; but well was that anxiety repaid, when the well-known, long listened-for ring of hoofs, was heard upon the gravelled-path by which the peaceful abode was approached; and then how agile was the bound with which she sprang to meet her love! how fervent the

embrace that followed that short absence which had seemed an age to either !

Speak I of that which is not ? oh, it often is ! and if it seldom endures, meet cause is that for sorrow, for were it lasting, then would penury and toil, and all the ills that bow the soul of man, be but a burthen which his strength would toy with. I would not, when I spied that fairest flower of human life, with perverse shrug, and look of unreal pity, damp the pleasure of those who are delighted with its fragrance and its beauty ; I would not say it was an illusion that would soon be dissipated ; for is not the morning vision of the health invigorated frame, to him who slumbers on the sunny bank, joy ? and from the rose that withers all unsightly on the ground, does there not still breathe a perfume that proclaims it to have been once the pride of the garden ?

Thrice happy they, who, like the fortunate peasant of the forest, may find a lovely spirit in a lovely form ; for then no howling tempest shreds the flower ; its hue

and its fragrance subsist unimpaired for its given season ; and perchance, in that cool, but bright and tranquil hour, when the receding sun pours sweetly his farewell ray, the loveliness of its morning seems to revive to one who knows that it is gazed on for the last time, ere the silence of winter broods upon the fields.

The remembrance of Luise seemed now only to temper and mellow the happiness of the exile ; his tears would still flow in honour of her image, but the prayer of her closing hour had been heard ; they were tears that soothed, not galled his spirit ; and Theresa forbid them not, for well she knew that sorrow for the buried was safety for the living spouse ; and she was true to the promise that was, as it were, her dowry, for with maternal love she cherished his boy ; and when she saw him pressed to his bosom, she would throw her arms around both, and think with satisfaction of the approaching hour when another pledge of no feeble love would share that dear embrace.

The hours glided imperceptibly, and

love still seemed almost their only employment; the thoughts of the enamoured couple seldom wandered from the fireside where they sat, or the forest path where they rambled; though now they had constant tidings of the great world, in consequence of a plan of correspondence with the maiden of Amersville, which it was one of his chief cares to arrange on his arrival in his retirement, having been carried into complete effect.

If any thing could enhance his happiness, it was the letters of this most honoured friend, for the consciousness of having the heart of one who could pen a page fraught with so rich, yet so simple an eloquence, devoted to him with so romantic an attachment, that she chose rather to cherish his image than seek any less congenial, though more substantial happiness—this was a balm to his still proud spirit, more soothing a thousand times than any triumph of the days of his ambition.

He read her letters to Theresa, and stop-

unsated; it  
deed the  
those whom  
sulted from

If the ex  
porium, in  
the simple  
did not y  
accident n  
this feeling  
augment  
wane mo  
disclosed  
wife (for  
subject, o  
sweetest  
casement,  
similar to  
weary hou  
that anxie  
long listen  
upon the  
peaceful a  
how agile

and at every period to express his appro-  
bation and demand an acquiescence in it;  
and sometimes he even pressed them to  
his lips and devoutly blessed the writer.  
The reader has seen that Theresa could be  
in pain, yet she never evinced no symptom  
of pain, and though the exile by no  
means could create it, he sometimes,  
when at some of his feelings hurried  
by a great might be termed extrava-  
gant, wandered, as he cooled,  
calm and pure and composed in  
the presence of his beloved.  
The source of his tranquillity to be  
found in love with which he gene-  
rally began. What a thousand pities  
and sorrows creature has but one

Theresa was far advanced, and  
when he had got through his  
work, when Theresa sought  
him, he was before sun-down.  
He was wiping his eyes, and on his  
forehead, and on his  
orb,

and listening the multitudinous harmony that filled every coppice; every thicket, and the full head of every lofty tree, coloured with the fresh verdure of the season. She tapped him on the shoulder; ere he had noticed her approach; and when he turned, and smiled, and kissed her, she put her hand into his. He felt a slight hardness, the result of household toil, upon that palm which was, when first he knew it, softer than velvet: for the first time he regretted his want of wealth; a slight dissatisfaction sat upon his brow. Theresa perceived it, and its source at the same time; she smiled, and said, "Ah, see what you have subjected yourself to! but don't think the worse of a hand because it is hardened in your service; the heart that loves you shall always be soft."

Edward was ashamed of his discontent, seized the hand, covered it with kisses, and pressed it to his bosom.

"I am come to  
Theresa, " more  
easiness; come

your fear," said  
ground for un-  
the primroses



upon yonder bank, that rises over the tender green of the springing corn, that while we examine our own poverty, we may be consoled, as we see before us the riches of Nature. I am come to render you an account of the slender funds that you delivered on our marriage to my care, together with those which my own labours had provided; they have diminished much faster than we had reckoned upon; we have been but poor calculators; I fear we must adopt a much more contracted scale of expence than that upon which we have hitherto regulated our household." She then detailed, with unfailing precision, the various heads of expenditure, suggested various modes of saving, but concluded with expressing her apprehensions that no plan they could adopt could save them from great difficulties.

Her views of their exigencies were so comprehensive, she had so exactly foreseen every thing that might probably occur, and every thing that could obviate inconvenience, that when the exile weighed the

matter, he could find nothing to add or amend. He pressed her tenderly to his bosom, and told her so ; and added, " We must probably have many conversations on this subject, and whether they may lead to a satisfactory conclusion, I know not ; but this I know, that while we communicate our little cares, and sit in mutual speculation on the means of removing them, we shall find that such an occupation will endear us to each other—we shall find in it a bosom sweetness, a home-felt union, such as no wealth or grandeur can afford. Meanwhile, let us have one evening more of the unclouded time we have been passing, and while all Nature is blithe around us, be content with the joy of the hour, and nestle like the small birds in the brake, free as themselves from the cares of to-morrow."

Theresa was not slow to consent ; and while she pillowed her head upon the breast of her lord, and looked fondly in his face, and filled him with unutterable bliss, he thought the birds sung sweeter, and a

any other historian, has detailed the particulars of the morning triumph so accurately as to notice the fact we are now about to mention, supplying thereby the defect of their narratives.

There was one French wrestler of gigantic stature, who had thrown several Englishmen, and was on the point of being proclaimed victor by the herald, no one any longer daring to cope with him, though the anxious monarch had repeatedly offered a reward of considerable magnitude to any one who should throw him, but in vain.

The voice of the herald was uplifted for the last time, when a graceful figure, habited in a plain camblet dress, that sat close to his shape, and displayed its light symmetry, stepped forward to the trial; he was masked, and signified to the herald that he would contend only upon the condition of not being required to make himself known until he pleased, provided he was victorious.

Henry being made acquainted with this, acquiesced, though with some reluctance.

None of the English present hoped a favourable event, when they contrasted the slender form of their unknown champion with the brawny vigour of his adversary, or that of those he had already overcome; but the field soon rung with their shout of joy and exultation, for a victory more speedily and easily achieved than any that had humbled them, now relieved them from the mortification under which they had seemed by no means easy.

They crowded round the conqueror, and it was not without much difficulty he could prevent the mask being torn from his face; and was at last able to escape from their rude kindness only by a notice that he would take a part in the ensuing sports. In all those of which he in consequence did participate, the foot race, the throwing of the quoit, archery, &c. he seemed to win without an effort; but when he had knelt and received the prize for his sixth victory from the hands of the monarch, he suddenly disappeared, leaving the crowd

disappointed at his escape, but delighted with the address he had exhibited.

On the ensuing day, however, he was again on the field; but the fervour of the moment was gone by, and he was suffered to remain unmolested.

The reader will doubtless have anticipated that this was no other than our hero, the daring prowess of whose early youth they will call to mind; it was indeed no other; and he now awaited a further opportunity of increasing the title to the royal favour, which had been already strongly expressed towards him; after which, he having resolved to throw himself at the feet of the monarch, and having made himself known, demand to be confronted with the persons who had calumniated him.

While he was thus arranging in his own mind the manner in which he should proceed, the trumpets sounded, and a champion of either nation, armed cap-a-pie, entered the lists to commence a tournament,

which was to be the chief business of the day. The French champion was unhorsed at the first onset; but the victor soon yielded his honours to a new antagonist. For some time the alternation of success was pretty even; but at length a French champion, of graceful stature, and singular strength and skill, maintained the field, after having worsted six English knights successively.

The countenance of Henry glowed with shame and indignation as he saw his warriors pushed from their seats. While a seventh competitor was arming, he took from his finger a ring, which the herald was ordered to proclaim worth ten thousand ducats, and flung it to where the original prize, consisting of a sword, the hilt of which was inlaid with diamonds, was deposited.

It was of no avail—the knight shared the fate of his predecessors; the French champion brandished his lance, and wheeled his steed round the lists, elated with victory,

and desirous of shewing that he was yet fresh, and desirous of reaping new laurels.

The wrath of the English monarch waxed hotter. He seemed to labour with some thought that had struck him, and which after a little time he appeared to have matured, and found likely to answer his expectations.

He called the herald, and whispered something to him; the man bowed, and went over to a part of the amphitheatre where a number of ladies, richly clad, were seated, viewing the sports; he seemed to deliver a message to one of them, whose place denoted the elevation of her rank, and she instantly rose, and giving him her hand, he led her to the king.

As she proceeded to the throne, she was obliged to pass near where the exile stood; and what were his emotions, as he recognised in her his beautiful but perfidious Adelaide!

Her vesture was enriched by a blaze of jewels, and the plume of the ostrich, rising

from a coronet of pearl, shadowed her polished forehead and arched brow.

The monarch seated her beside him ; and the herald proclaimed, that if the lady Adelaide Beauclerc, the richest heiress of England, should find the mind and countenance of the victor, in the existing contest, as well worthy approbation as his valour, she would bestow on him her hand, and in the event of his not pleasing her sufficiently to justify her acceptance of him as her spouse, the king would richly endow any other maiden whom he might select, and find less difficult of choice.

The first emotion of the exile, when he heard this extraordinary proclamation, was pity mingled with disgust, for the weakness of the vain creature, who would thus permit herself to be exhibited as the prize of brutal strength, or of a skill which he had learned to think infinitely less of than he was wont to do.

He looked at her ; good Heavens ! she was eminently lovely ! and there was the pla-



cid smile that he had so often essayed, but in vain, to dislodge from her countenance.

A thought now struck him what a pleasant vengeance it would be for her perfidy if he could win, and then reject her—what a homage to the beauty and the love of the lowly, but the dear, dear peasant he had left in the forest of Mauriac. As he thought of the rich triumph he wished to obtain her, he loved her more than ever; but he was destitute of horse and arms; when he left home, his stock was too slender to admit of his purchasing either.

While a thousand anxious thoughts and desires were agitating his mind, a person who stood by him said—"This is all a trick."

"A trick!" said he, startled both by the words and by a confused remembrance of having somewhere seen the person who uttered them, though he could not recollect where or when, "a trick!" he repeated.

"Yes," said the other, who appeared to be a young French gentleman; "that is the count de Sancerre, who has been so

successful ; he is the favoured lover of the lady Adelaide ; and the king having some time since proposed to her, what he has just now done, to set her up for a prize, the count, to whom he had before refused his consent to marry her, bethought himself of this stratagem to obtain it. This I have had from the count himself, who is a friend of mine."

The exile now thought it would be a cruelty, which his own happiness had divested him of the wish to practise, if he were to intercept the object which the lovers had in view ; but again he reflected that he would have a right to resign his prize in favour of the vanquished ; and then how sweet would it be to combine such an act of generosity with his vengeance—a vengeance which he could not think otherwise than fair ! he might enjoy at once the sweets of revenge, and that proud consciousness of magnanimity for which others had been glad to abandon it. But it was of little use to speculate upon a

triumph he had not the means of achieving; and he was just turning to ask the person who had spoken to him whether he had not had the pleasure of seeing him before, when he observed the eye of the monarch directed first towards a knight, who was pressing forward to offer himself a candidate for the beautiful heiress, and then, with an appearance of anxiety, towards himself.

He was standing at the edge of the circle, and as the king looked fixedly on him, he bowed respectfully; the bow was returned by a gracious nod, and a smile of satisfaction; and the herald was immediately dispatched to him, with an inquiry whether he would enter the lists?

He made known the obstacles that were opposed to his wish to do so; and immediate orders were issued, to his infinite joy, that he should be accommodated immediately with a steed and armour from the royal repositories.

In a few minutes he was in the lists; and as he took his lance from the person

appointed to act as his esquire, bowed gracefully to the monarch—with practised hand pulled round the head of a beautiful barb that bore him, and was pawing the ground, as if proud of his gallant burthen—and then stretching his limbs, to give his arms pliancy, revealed all the symmetry, flexibility, and elasticity of his frame: the field rang with the acclamations of those who had witnessed his activity and courage on the preceding day.

He now wheeled to his ground; and before the trumpet sounded the charge, he cast his eye once more towards Adelaide. She had at length dispelled the smile that had so often grieved him; an emotion of the deepest anxiety and terror sat upon her countenance; her mouth, half open, disclosed her ivory teeth, and her eye was intently fixed upon the combatants. A slight emotion of wounded vanity stung the mind of the exile; another then had aroused a sensibility which had been proof against all his efforts; and she now wit-

nessed his danger with every symptom of the most painful apprehension.

The reflection filled him with an anger which he had not time to subdue ; and the last note of the war-kindling trump still vibrated on the air, when his adversary lay stretched upon the ground.

His fall had stunned him ; and as the bystanders, in order to give him air, speedily disengaged his head from its iron covering, the exile could not sufficiently wonder at the taste of his quondam mistress, for her lover was, to all appearance, about fifty-five years of age, with a thin head of hair, already grey, and a countenance covered with scars, that accounted for the prowess he had exhibited, and in other respects so ill favoured, as to form a perfect contrast with the robust symmetry of his stature.

He had not leisure, however, to indulge his wonder at female caprice, for the king, who had descended to the foot of his throne, was urgent that he should come and receive his prize, and make known the

gallant warrior who had so ably maintained the honour of his country.

He approached, led by the herald; bowed gracefully; and falling upon one knee, lifted his vizor.

"Lord Rivers!" said the monarch, starting.

"Lord Rivers!" echoed a thousand voices.

The English side of the field was filled with murmurs and shouts of applause.

"I knew," said an old soldier, who had served at Gunegate, "it could be none other."

"I knew the graceful flexure of his arm, and the gleam of his eye through the mask," said a fair dame, whose best favours he had once enjoyed; "did I not tell you, it was himself?"

The women waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands; the soldiery shouted, and threw their caps into the air, for he had been a prodigious favourite; and the monarch, after appearing to sustain

hour, and chaunts the unpremeditated lay of love.

The exile gazed in mute astonishment and perplexity.

"Deliver up this treasure, that is too rich for your bosom!" said the monarch, hardly able to get out his words for laughing.

"Will you no longer love your Theresa," said the damsel, "because she has cast away her borrowed complexion?" and as she spoke, she looked a look at him so full of all that love can boast of sweet, of tender, and of sportive—oh! that look itself was worth a diadem. Ah! poor Theresa, the peasant loved you, but the lord—the lord——

Some confused notion of the truth flashed suddenly on the mind of the exile.

It at first increased the ludicrous confusion in which he stood, his eye glancing from object to object, and his breath almost suspended with anxious doubt; but that look of love overwhelmed every other

emotion; it was the very, very eye of Theresa; he would doubt no longer, nor check the powerful impulse, till a tedious explanation had assured him. He looked at his beautiful prize with kindling eye; but again he hesitated, and examined her from head to foot; the slight and graceful swelling of her shape, that, before he left the forest of Mauriac, had promised him an augmentation of felicity, was distinctly perceptible; it dispelled every remnant of uncertainty, and he clasped her to his heart, more delighted with her than ever, notwithstanding the tricks he perceived she had assisted in playing on him, because he had found her to be the only woman he had ever truly loved.

He then led her to the king, and both knelt before him.

The monarch, delighted with the issue of a plot which had been of his own devising, was again about to require the offered renunciation, but he could not get out the words for laughing; and he took a hand of each, and threw it round the neck



of the other, patted the cheek of the wife, and bid her maintain the loyalty of her husband, remembering that but for her sovereign, she would never have known whether he loved her or her money the best.

He then made a signal to a person who stood by the drapery that hung on either side of the throne; the man immediately pulled a cord that depended from the festoons at top, the curtains fell, and discovered, seated in a species of alcove they had concealed, the lady Ellesmere, the donna Theresa Rosilla, who had acted the part of the mother in the drama which was now closing—the pere Etienne and his two brothers—the abbot, with whom the reader was made acquainted at the commencement of this history—the old officer to whom our hero had taken such exceptions in the forest of Mauriac—and the person who had misled him with respect to the identity of his late adversary, and who now held by the hand a young girl, whom it would have been almost impossible to

have known from the pseudo Theresa, while she wore false hair; and at either extremity of the *dramatis personæ* stood James, our hero's former domestic, and his friend Conrad.

The whole party now came forward to greet the happy pair, who had just risen, after having kissed the hand of their sovereign. Edward, though he felt somewhat awkward, when he reflected on the credulity which had enabled them to impose on him, for he now perceived that, from whatever motive he had yet to learn, (though circumstances forbid him to surmise that it could be other than a good one,) they had imposed on him, met nevertheless the congratulations of each with the cordiality of one upon whom a long vista of happiness has suddenly opened. "But where," said he, after he had for the second time respectfully pressed the lips of the still beautiful Ellesmere, "where is the angel who has led me to the felicity that promises to shine upon my future days? for assuredly to her, whose life is spent in disin-

terested efforts to promote the happiness of others, I somehow feel that I am indebted for all that is in my grasp—where is the lady Isabel?”

The lady Ellesmere smiled—“ Isabel,” said she, “ is perhaps not quite so disinterested in the present case as you imagine.”

“ I’m Isabel,” said the false Theresa, in a voice that thrilled his every nerve, for they were the very tones in which, when he had paid his last visit to Amersville, he had heard the same words pronounced by the poor blind maiden.

Again he looked amazed ; but he was now somewhat familiarized to wonders, and the tide of joy was flowing higher than ever in his bosom.

As the eagle of the mountain stoops from heaven upon the tired hare couching in the fern, he rushed, regardless of the noble presence in which he stood, on her who united in her single person all that he had ever admired or loved in the mind or body of woman. She shunned not the stormy embrace, as heretofore in her dream,

and when he raised his head from the rich banquet of her moist and ruddy lips to gaze upon her, hers lay still upon his arm, and in the witching smile that disclosed her ivory teeth, there was love, and joy, and triumph, heightened by the delicate flush of modesty, that feels a slighter puncture.

Enraptured and heedless of all around him, he seemed as if he could gaze for ever, when he felt himself pulled gently by the arm, and turning, he perceived the damsel who was, as we have mentioned above, so like his Isabel.

"*Milord,*" said she, "*ne se ressouvient il pas de son ami Juan ?*" then changing to the English language—"of his good friend Juan, who I would have you all, good people, to know, died in his service, after having first stung his face and hands with nettles, with a resolution and heroism passing his tender years, in order that he might assist in weaning him from an untoward desire he had unluckily imbibed of taking a trip to another world before his time, as well as certain other mad vagaries. Give

had lost it, I had a diligent and successful search made for it."

"But the groan that I heard from the top of the pile of coffins?" said the exile.

"Was uttered by my mother. In descending one of the ruined staircases of the building, she had sprained her ankle; and as she passed through one of the courts, she was obliged to sit down, it had become so painful, and have it fomented by the pere.

"The place where she was sitting on a fragment of the ruined vaults was just over the pile of coffins; she heard your exclamation as you fled, and the pere, when he subsequently went down into the vaults to serve you as a guide (you remember that you had one), having examined the vault, found that a great part of the stone roof had given way just in that point, so that the passing of the sound was facilitated.

"I had meanwhile gone out on the battlements of the castle, to see if a cart, which we had sent for from a neighbouring village to convey my mother to town, was

coming; and the stillness of the air invited me, not dreaming that you were so near me, for when I went up, I thought you had left the castle, to sing a German air I had learned of Luise, for I had been engaged while in D—— in the study of that language, during such moments of leisure as my anxiety about you left me,

“When you addressed me, I’ll venture to say that of the two, the ghost was the most frightened; but as you have since informed me, you held your head down, and that accounts for your not observing my alarm.

“I could not account for the form of your address; but I perceived that you had taken me for the spirit of Luise; and that you were in want of comfort, which I immediately bethought myself of administering. I had been a great mistress of mimicry in my childhood, but had left off the practice of it entirely, in compliance with the wishes of my mother, long before I felt the impropriety of it myself; but I

had not lost the power, and was now able to exercise it to a good purpose. I imitated the voice of Luise ; and you were not yourself, I suppose, such a proficient in the German language as to be enabled to detect the badness of my accent, if indeed that would not be much less distinguishable in a feigned than a natural voice.

“ I made my speech, and retired behind the battlements.”

“ But the thunder and lightning ?” said the exile.

“ The cart just arrived that moment in a court of the building, of which we were obliged also to send for the keys to the peasant who kept them, for we had entered the castle in the same way at you did, having left the horses on which we had ridden from D—— at a cottage in the neighbourhood.

“ This court was at the further end of the edifice from where you were ; and the rumbling of the cart echoing through the vaults beneath, seemed to you like distant thunder, and as the pavement was in many places torn up, the peasant who drove the

vehicle waved a torch he had brought with him, in order to increase its light in such a manner as would enable him to avoid the broken flags and heaps of rubbish that lay about, and the glare it made you took for lightning. We did not chuse to leave you all night in the vaults; the pere Etienne guided you out; and thus ends the history of one night of mystery and horror.

“ When you visited the pere Etienne the next morning, you were resolved on a foreign service and death, so that we had two very evil resolutions on your part to cope with, instead of one.

“ The pere at first endeavoured to dissuade you from your purpose; but he soon found that impracticable; and a thought then struck him, that your recently-acquired belief in supernatural agency might be made subservient to our views. He was deliberating with himself as to the means he should pursue, and also as to some feasible excuse for forwarding what



he had at first seemed willing to thwart, when you supplied him with the latter, while you wished to exasperate him against the cardinal. You were greatly pleased with the rage into which you fancied you had roused him; but the interests of all the orders of monks in Europe, I apprehend, could not have moved the philosophic tranquillity of his nature, in the manner you have since described to me.

"While you were sitting with him, you happened to mention the arrival of a courier from England; and at the consultation that followed after you left him, it was resolved that we should make one attempt to wean you from your resolution to enter a foreign service, before we put you under a course of discipline for the purpose, for it was that we chiefly feared. I was vain enough to think that if I had you once in the forest of Mauriac, you would soon love me too well to die;" she laughed, and a storm of kisses bore witness to the correctness of her judgment.

"Accordingly the courier was bribed to

deliver you a letter I wrote in D — that same day, as if he had brought it from England.

“ When you visited the pere the ensuing day, every thing was prepared for your reception ; a domestic was to have the door open, as if by chance, and you were to surprise the pere reading a book, which he was to hurry out of your sight, and he was to withdraw for the purpose of letting you inspect this, and imbibe the notion that his incredulity was not real, and this impression was to be assisted by his questioning you on the subject with apparent interest.

“ When you came, he first bent a little towards the advice he would have given you, had you been permutable ; but when he saw what an obstinate toad it was, he appeared happy that what appeared to you a forced disinterestedness, had been disappointed, and he snatched with such well-feigned eagerness at the documents which were to destroy the poor cardinal, who, if he never be destroyed till the pere Eti-

enne seeks his destruction, may reign long enough.

“ I need not dwell on the means by which we made you a prisoner in the city, and at length expelled you from it, sending you off to the forest of Mauriac ; but resolved that your journey thither should be one of the most eventful that had ever been performed by living wight.

“ We had several consultations as to the manner in which we should proceed, and could hit on no scheme to our liking, when one morning the pere sent for my mother and me in a great hurry. He seemed quite pleased when we entered his apartment, and immediately proceeded to inform us of the ground of his satisfaction ; but I shall give you the information he now imparted in his own words:—

‘ When you left me yesterday,’ said he, ‘ I was more perplexed than ever, and I was almost on the point of giving up the affair as impracticable, when I was surprised by a visit from an old acquaintance, whom perhaps I should not at any other time have

much cared to see, but who was now a very acceptable guest, because I saw immediately what useful assistance we might derive from him in the furtherance of our views, to manage our wayward one.

Of this person I must first give you some account. His name is Robert Walmer; he was both at school and at college with me. There are a class of persons in the world whose powers, if well directed, would obtain for them the praise of genius; but being possessed of an unhappy bias to pervert them, never obtain, as they never deserve, any epithet but that of strange or fantastic. Of this class was our man; he was the strangest animal in the world when a boy; and he had not been a man above two or three years, when he made away with his patrimony, in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone.

When this was gone, he bethought himself of employing the property of others; and a great extent of chemical knowledge he had obtained in the course of his efforts, enabling him to play the

sorcerer with great effect, he made this a means of entrapping several weak and superstitious men, who had money to spend, and making them subservient to his views.

‘ You must not, however, class him with common swindlers, for he was always confident that he was promoting the interest of his victim as well as his own; and the magical rites by which he led them on to his purpose, and which he knew to be deceptive, he considered in the light of a pious fraud.

‘ His tricks, however, brought him at length into a situation, in which it required all of a very powerful interest I possessed to save his life. I, fortunately for him, happened to be at Vienna at the time when he was condemned to lose his head.

‘ When he was set at liberty, I made him promise me that he would abandon alchemy for ever. He did so without any difficulty, assuring me that he fully perceived the fallacy of the pursuit that had brought him into such a perilous situation as that from which I had extricated him.

‘Knowing that he must be penniless, I offered him a small sum of money; but he refused it, saying he had the means of earning a sufficiency for his wants.

‘I asked him what he meant to do, and he informed me that it was his intention to travel as a quack-doctor and conjurer to the various fairs of Germany, and the other countries of Europe.

‘I endeavoured to dissuade him from this scheme, and suggested several plans of sober industry; but I found it was impracticable to get the dog from his vomit, and from that day till now I have never seen him.

‘He has been pursuing his avocation in the neighbourhood of this city; and hearing I was resident in it, he came to renew his thanks, and to inform me, that he had never, in any instance, violated the promise he made me.

‘I asked him how he had succeeded in the extraordinary line of life he had chosen; he acknowledged that he remained poor, but said he got enough to live, and

that he had, from an interested motive, made fools of mankind till the thing had grown into a habit, and he could not dispense with it, though he was conscious that had he followed my advice, he might have been much better off in respect of worldly matters.

‘ It immediately struck me that he might be of essential service to us, and I mentioned the situation in which we were placed with respect to lord Rivers, whose character I described to him as combining every noble quality, with a certain impetuosity and simplicity, the latter of which he never suspected formed any part of it, but which would be sure to lay him open to a well-spun delusion. As an instance of it, I mentioned his having talked to me a day or two before of a shocking report concerning baron Walstein, who was recently dead, namely, his having put count Steinberg to death privately in prison, when there was not an individual perhaps in D—— who did not know that the baron rather boasted of, than concealed, this

crime, conceiving it to have been a master-stroke of policy.

‘ When I mentioned this circumstance, he struck his forehead, ruminated for a few minutes, and then suddenly exclaimed, ‘ I have it—it will do.’

‘ He then told me that he had seen lord Rivers twice, once in England when a boy, in the house of his kinsman de Montfort, and again when invested with the honours of diplomacy, in the house of Meister, the father of Luise.

‘ He had endeavoured to make an alchemist of de Montfort; had failed; but had nevertheless contracted a warm friendship for him, and had been often an inmate of his house in Italy, and always a welcome guest in England.

“ Meister and count Steinberg, he further informed me, had been the dupes of his art; he had found them both sinking into the grave, in consequence of the loss of their wives; and if he had lessened the fortune of the one, and annihilated that of the other, he had in return prolonged their



lives, by giving them a sufficient stimulus to a new train of thought and feeling.

These persons, he said, he would make useful agents in the drama he had already, in a great measure, arranged; and the death of the baron and his own should form the two chief incidents. Our friend must be driven to the former residence of Meister, where now resides a talkative old woman, the nurse of Luise, with whom this Walmer; I am inclined to think, from some hints he gave, formerly intrigued, in the character of count Steinberg, which, for certain reasons, he always adopted when he visited Meister. He describes this old lady as likely to be a very serviceable, though unconscious agent in our plot; and the house, he says, and the country for some miles round, is provided with machinery, ready prepared to aid in the accomplishment of our views.

There is only one thing that staggers me; and that is, that we must give our lord up entirely into his hands; he assures me that a hair of his head sha'n't be hurt; but

he may be obliged to have recourse to such strong stimulants, in operating the cure he has undertaken, as our less-hackneyed minds might revolt at.'

"You may be assured that if the pere felt this a serious scruple, that I did not think light of it," continued Isabel, resuming her own narrative; "but Walmer would not enter into our views upon any other terms, saying he could not risk a failure in the proper business of his *profession* by the application of inferior enginery, and that it would answer no purpose but that of making us uneasy, if he were to disclose their nature. Now as I am acquainted with every part of the machinery that was employed, but the contents of the manuscript that caused you to swoon with horror, I presume that must have been the strong stimulant he alluded to, and what it was, I have to learn from you, for though he afterwards told the pere Etienne what it was, the pere has constantly refused to communicate the same to me, when I complained of the occasional fits of gloom to

Appenine, where chance would apparently lead to their meeting.

“ But here he breaks out—‘ But cold drops bedew my temples while I write ; the same stars inform me, that the youth is, before that hour, to be the indirect cause of my own abandonment of that life which I have now preserved for so long a time beyond that conceded to man, and which I had hoped might last for ever.

‘ Yet stay ; as I have counteracted the laws of nature in many instances, why may not I do so now ? must fate, because it is unerring with respect to others, be so also with respect to one who has in some measure thrown aside the attributes of mortality ?’

“ Here there was a chasm in the manuscript, as if the writer had been interrupted. There was a new date when it recommenced, as thus :—‘ I have again consulted the stars. If a certain hour can be passed ; but after all, that seems liable to doubt.

‘ Confusion and darkness compass me ; I know not how to resolve.’

" I believe the manuscript went on for some time in this strain ; but I became so sleepy, that I could not read any more ; and when I wished to obtain it in the morning, I found that the busy old woman had burned it."

" I believe, however, that I have repeated the words very nearly as they were written, for the impression they made was deeply engraven on my heart, and in every hour of more gloomy thoughts, I have repeated them to myself."

" I am glad," said Isabel, sighing, " that the pere did not comply with my wishes ; I could have contemplated nothing so horrible ; and I much doubt whether I could have permitted you to labour under the shocking impression with any inducement, however powerful ; but to resume my tale—

" You were expelled, as I said, from D—— ; and as Walmer was plentifully supplied with money, there was nothing spared that could give effect to the drama we were about to perform. I had set off some time before you ; I met domia Ro-

silla and Adelaide on the French frontier, and we immediately began to prepare for our parts. We spent a day in our assumed characters at the hostel in Wiesendorf, that by becoming acquainted with the people as minstrels, we might give the progress of our plot a greater verisimilitude.

“ When you were pursued to the river, a discovery was near being the result, of your failing to see the gap that had been made in the hedge, on purpose to enable you to conceal yourself; and it may be, that if you had not at length perceived it, some of our actors would have had no very great cause to remember their ingenuity with satisfaction.

“ Your endeavouring to leap the gate, by the marks that you left of the attempt, enabled Conrad to substitute a better reason for taking a wrong direction in pursuit of you, for a worse one, which he had devised.

“ I need not remind you of the several phenomena that occurred in the course of your ride with Gasper, but explain such

of them as may yet appear enigmatical to you.

“ He led you purposely by the old building that resembled Sindenbosch, that a feasible opportunity might be afforded him for entering on the history of count Steinberg; but first I must inform you, that his tale was nearly all true; even the death of the gardener was brought about in the manner he described, for the old man having seen the father of Walmer, who was a little addicted to the same pursuits as the son, though not to the same extent, with a former count Steinberg, confounded him, with our assistance, the delusion being favoured by their very remarkable likeness, and the son’s wearing an old-fashioned dress, which had belonged to his sire, in order to communicate to his person an air of singularity.

“ Gasper was originally an uncommonly simple peasant, but had a latent intelligence of shrewdness, of which Walmer had availed himself, after he had caught him up in the tree before the chapel window,

and spared his life, as he at first supposed, in compliance with his earnest supplications, and the intercession of count Steinberg.

“ It was not an uncommon practice with the wizard, as he informed the pere Etienne, to convert delinquents of this kind into faithful agents, having first obtained a power over their minds proportioned to their crime, and the terror of its being visited with severe castigation; thus he had induced the servant mentioned by Luise's nurse, to leave the country on a mission concerning the constant object of his pursuit, without mentioning his intended departure to any of his friends; and as the poor man died before the business he went on was completed; the panic his absence created was the more efficient.

“ Gasper, however, was the person he had ever found most adapted to his views; and as you may observe, their connexion has been permanent. As he could tell you his tale as he had often told it before, at least the greater part of it, ere he knew that

he was deceived, it wore a more natural semblance than if it had been pure fiction; and he took care to employ his best skill to mingle with it such imaginary incidents and feelings as were calculated to heighten its effect.

“ According to your own account; he must have played his part in a masterly manner.

“ He was assisted by Walmer and other agents, at various points of his progress; and the hand that excited your wonder, and which was fashioned by myself, to be applied with some glutinous substance to his breast; you were not able to distinguish from a real mark, in the faint light by which you saw it.

“ The music at the head of the lake had been employed against the intellects of poor Meister, on a former occasion, that is, similar music, for in the present case, Adelaide and I were the performers; and as Gasper led you a roundabout way to the village where we met, we were enabled to anticipate your arrival; we were greatly



amused while we were there before, to think how the surly host and hostess would have changed their demeanour had they been made acquainted with our real rank.

“ The manner in which a supernatural semblance was given to our music was this—

“ We were stationed in a cavern in the small rocky island that, if you recollect, was at the head of the lake, and this was closely stopped with a large stone. Several tin pipes were conveyed from it through the bottom of the lake, which was there not more than knee deep, some of which rose in the water just above its level, and created a belief, when the sound was sent through them, that it rose from its bosom ; others again extended to the shore, and were laid into the stems of the trees, false bark being artfully fastened over the part that was excavated for the purpose. We could send the sound through whichever of the apertures we pleased, by stopping all the others; and thus shifting it from tree to tree, we made it seem to advance along the shore, till it stood above

your head, issuing from the upper part of the tree against which you stood, and which you might have observed to be in a state of decay, owing to the operation that had been performed on it, one that certainly was not very favourable to vegetable life.

“ It was in a manner similar to this that you were again deceived in the house of the Moor, for it was all full of such conveyances of sound ; and through one tube that passed from the adjacent apartment, where I was at the time listening to your conversation with the old lady, I enjoined her silence in the voice of Luise, when she was about to disclose to you a fancied secret, which was, that she had a pair of young princesses concealed in her house, for as we were not to appear here, we had assumed our own dresses. Into this belief she was brought by seeing some valuables about us, which she thought could be the appurtenances only of people of very high rank, and by catching Adelaide in the act of making trial of a new wash with which

the pere Etienne had provided us, that which we had used before for smuching our faces not having been found sufficiently adhesive, and she supposed that it had been provided, in apprehension that some emergency might create a necessity for disguise.

“ An important feature in the plan of our sorcerer was, that you should be repeatedly led to a certain point, and that on the very verge of having your curiosity gratified, your hope should be frustrated. This wide open to the play of the fancy, he said, was more stimulating than any engine of terror, or wonder, however vast, that might be examined; it was like the darkness of an unfathomable abyss, besides the notion of horrors that could scarcely be seen without producing death or madness.

“ Hence the abrupt breaking off of Gasper's tale, his affected drowsiness at night, and his escape in the morning, which was facilitated by some opium infused into the drink you took when going to bed—hence the interruption too of the

tales of the groom and the steward's son, and at last of Herman himself.

"The sorcerer deserves great credit, inasmuch as having such a complex machinery to manage, all was done without failure; his agents, many of whom had served a kind of apprenticeship to him, and who were now brought together by the freedom with which we supplied him with money, were exceedingly expert and active.

"It was they that broke down the bridge, jammed the chair, prepared the press to fall, persuaded the old lady to burn the papers in the morning, and hunted you into the wood where you found us for the second time; having occasional or permanent confederates in the plot stationed wherever it was proper your fears should be applied to.

"It was Walmer himself you followed to the pond near Wiesendorf, for he had been watching your movements, and as soon as he perceived that you saw him, he led you on.

" The pedestal of the statue was hollow, and there was a door in one side of it, which opened by sliding upwards like a portcullis, and the recess thus formed was appropriated to the scrapers and other instruments necessary to clean the bottom of the pond.

" The door was reached by means of a plank, which, when not in use, was sunk at one end in the water, for it let down with a kind of hinge, in order to prevent children from passing to the statue, and an iron rod which was fastened to it, and locked at its other extremity in a recess beneath the bank, served to raise it when necessary; the key of this had been obtained from the person who had the care of it, and thus the sorcerer was enabled to frustrate your search; and the light from the tent in the wood soon caught your eye, as it was intended it should.

" Here you heard the terrible tale of the baron's death from Herman Largen, who had been long an acquaintance of Walmer's, and whom you having known in

the baron's service, he deemed a fit agent on this occasion, but not on that account only, for his intelligence fitted him admirably for the part he was appointed to act. I need not tell you that his tale was pure invention, or at least had no other foundation than that the baron had exhibited strong symptoms of remorse when dying. I have before had occasion to let you know that his having caused count Steinberg to be put to death in prison was a thing well known, and scarcely denied by himself; besides that, many things have transpired since his death to shew that he was a prodigious villain; so that even when crimes were imputed to him which he had not committed, the injustice that was done him could scarcely be called such, though if it were otherwise, it would seem that our prime minister was not a man who would stick at trifles.

"Herman mingled a portion of his own feelings in his tale, to give it an appearance of reality, which you will easily sepa-

rate from the rest ; his *dramatis personæ*, with the exception of the baron, were purely ideal, so that you may set your mind at rest with respect to the naughty Martinnelli, and the pass of Foscari in the bosom of the Appenine.

“ Of the people in the tent there were only Herman, and the person who acted the part of his partner next day, in the secret; the narrative was interrupted by the voice of Walmer, who had followed you down, and whom you once had a glimpse of, conveyed through a pipe which was introduced into the tent under the soil, and which you failed of perceiving the next day, because it was covered with a sod so nicely adjusted, that no one could distinguish that the hand of man had any thing to do with it. The manner in which your approach to the tent was discovered with certainty was this. Wires were disposed in several directions, which all meeting beneath the canvas of the tent, in one spot close by where Herman sat, and lightly covered with straw, if he failed to hear you,

the motion of these when touched without was sure not to escape him.

“ The archers who seized the sorcerer the ensuing day were sent by the authorities of Appenzel and St. Gallen, at the instance of the pere Etienne, and did not themselves know but there were real charges against him; however, they received orders to liberate him before they reached Appenzel, whither they were conveying him.

“ At the Abbey of Marienfels we had every facility for our operations afforded us by the abbot of the new monastery, who had been a fellow-student of our good monk's. The choir of the cathedral were properly disposed in a part of the building towards which you will not think it strange that the false Juan did not lead you, and it was well blocked up at every avenue which you were in the least likely to discover yourself. The light from the altar was produced by a chemical preparation, to which the joint skill of Walmer and



the pere contributed; and the voice was that of the pere himself, passed through a speaking trumpet. The light was changeable in its hue, or extinguishable at pleasure, and the tapers of the sorcerer were extinguished by a shower of water poured on them at the proper juncture by a man stationed on the roof of the chapel, in which you will recollect there was a chasm immediately above them.

“The body you supposed to be Walmer’s, and to which you were drawn by the person who passed through the hall beneath the staircase, and by whom we affected to be alarmed, was that of a malefactor who had been executed the day before at a neighbouring town, and had been purchased from the executioner. It was habited in proper costume, and next day consigned to the earth. We had taken care to occupy you till such time as all the necessary arrangements were made, and a corpse might have cooled; the shower of rain that happened to fall was favourable to

the trick, for it was calculated in some measure to account for its getting cold in so short a time.

"You must allow that the sorcerer acted the dying scene in a finished manner; I can assure you that the fright I appeared to suffer was not altogether feigned; the place, the hour, the horrible workings of the man's countenance, served almost to counteract the calmness I might be supposed to derive from my knowledge of the whole being unreal.

"Here ended our mysteries, but we were obliged to act a little longer. I feigned a bias to madness whenever you questioned me concerning what I had seen of the sorcerer's pranks before; because, in truth, it would not have been very easy for me to have given you a satisfactory account of it. It was because it was connected with this subject too, that I would not bear the mention of Juan's name, and also because I could not grieve as much as might appear reasonable for the poor little fellow, inasmuch I knew him to be alive and

hearty. However, this reluctance I conquered in due time, because I wanted an excuse for those tears, which, shed with you, I was aware would afford you the best consolation you were capable of receiving in the gloomy state of mind into which you had fallen.

"When the pere arrived, I saw him before you did, and he proposed to give you the alternative of separation or marriage, well knowing, as he said, that it would effect a complete cure; and indeed the event answered his expectations.

"You must not suppose that all your instructions were thrown away on an artificial creature who only pretended to learn what she already knew; I had preserved carefully a great mass of ignorance that I should otherwise have parted with, in order that I might have the pleasure of resigning it, while the pleasure-beaming eye of him I loved told of my aptness.

"There was nothing I took so much  
pleas- my own  
char-

to me as Theresa, with comments. Oh, how I did enjoy that burden of your panegyric—'What a thousand pities it is she has but one eye!'—you little supposed she was looking on you with two.

"I made it a matter of conscience to work in my little household as any female, because you were obliged to work as any male peasant; but I shall soon get my hands soft again; and it is pleasant to reflect, that if any convulsion, to which all human affairs are liable, should affect us, we are able to dispense with riches, and make our proper toil contribute to our support. Ah! will the castle ever afford the happiness we have found in the cot?"

"But will you forgive your Isabel for the tricks she has played you?"

Edward's answer was a close embrace.

---

The moon, that had now risen, streamed through an opening in the internal drape of the pavilion, and falling athwart

the couch, shewed to the husband for the first time, as he reposed by her side, the countenance of his beloved divested of its umber vesture. He raised his head, and gazed on it with transport; a touch of virgin timidity pressed upon the heart of the beautiful creature, as, for the first time after the removal of her disguise, she marked, in the wan moonbeam, the keen, wild gaze of the inflamed eye, and felt the eager grasp of thirsty passion rushing to indulgence, and she hid her face in the bosom of her lord.

Once more did Hymen wave his torch above their couch, shedding fires as pure and glowing as that noontide beam that fell in ocean, when cleaving its translucent green, the Queen of Love first rose from its depths and floated on its surface, dashed her white arm against the amorous surge, that pressed and kissed her bosom, and looked around and smiled, for all in ocean's depths, on plain, hill, mountain, vale, she felt was hers.

On the morning which followed that

night of bliss, the exile again received the felicitations of his friends, and was formally confirmed in his honours and his property by his sovereign.

But his ear was not yet sated with the music of his Isabel's voice, and when the noontide beam struck hot amidst the clamorous crowd, and panting candidates for humble fame, the amorous pair, seated on a shaded bank in a neighbouring wood, listed the far-off murmur.

Then all was asked anew, and all was told, for the happy Edward liked to contemplate in the narrative the force of that love that had fashioned the fond girl to his wishes, and drawn her from the pleasures of polished life to share with him the toils at least of poverty, and find it huge delight; for it was a creature simple as beautiful, that would not scruple to own that she was happy—happy that he loved the heiress of Amersville, but ten thousand times more happy because he had loved the lowly minstrel.

The fond husband would never tire of

hearing the *naïf* and tender comments with which she would enrich the tale as often as she would repeat it, and more than curiosity, the sweetness of every word that issued from those honied lips, was his incentive to question her with respect to every minute particular she might have omitted, before they returned reluctant to the festivities that wearied them.



CHAP. IX,

Ces amans plus heureux que les vertus unissent,  
 Et dont les sentimens profonds, purs et constants,  
 Resistent aux faveurs, sont respectés du temps,  
 Aux plaisirs de s'aimer trouvent de nouveaux charmes.  
 Un doux ravissement leur fait verser des larmes;  
 Enchantés du présent, calmes sur l'avenir,  
 Savourant du passé l'aimable souvenir,  
 L'un et l'autre rend grace à l'objet qu'il adore,  
 Et ne demande au ciel qu'un cœur plus tendre pour eux.

St. LAMBERT,

.....

—————My soul  
 Spurning the cold communion of the world,  
 Will dwell with you. GOUTLEY.

To none who had witnessed them, did the  
 festivities of the field of the cloth of gold  
 bring in their termination greater satisfac-  
 tion than to the lord Rivers and his spouse,  
 for they longed for the seclusion of those



venerable shades where they might fancy the spirits of Isabel and de Montfort hovered around, and joyed in their felicity.

The sun of royal favour would again have shone upon the exile, now no more an exile ; but he had received a salutary lesson, and that, and far more, the tranquil joys of happy love, stifled every seed of ambition in him, never again to germinate.

He left the slippery paths that lead to grandeur and to fame to be trodden by men less fortunate, and for the deprivation of every satisfaction to be found in a successful ascent, he found ample compensation in the mild delights of philosophy and letters, and rural occupations, but above all, in forming the minds of his offspring, and cheering the dwellings of his dependents beneath the approving smile of his Isabel.

After the lapse of a few years, it was proposed by Isabel, that as a reward for a tiny urchin with his own eye, his own lip, his own smile, she had just presented him with,

he should visit with her the scenes where she had been busied in fastening around him the toils of love.

The proposal was eagerly accepted; hand in hand they wept over the mound in Rosemalde; and many an hour they sat with each an arm entwined round the pollard on which the ardent kiss of new-born love had been imprest.

They visited the house of Meister, the hostel in Wiesendorf, and the cottage near the Abbey of Marienfels, bringing with them a pleasing surprise, and also more substantial satisfaction. The little old nurse, as she contemplated the rich glow of loveliness that had seduced the exile from his allegiance to the shade of her Luise, readily forgave him. The family of the hostel had reason to rejoice that Heaven had gifted them with kindly natures, and the fervent blessing of the time-worn tenant of the cottage was from the fulness of her heart.

In the forest of Mauriac they found the good old officer, whose dwelling had af-

fording an asylum to our persecuted hero, like the hardy and venerable oak of the mountain, still vigorous amidst scions shooting from his proper stem.

His hospitality had not gone unrewarded, and his storm-beaten spirit found comfort in the later hours of life. He had taken care to preserve exactly in the state in which it had been abandoned, the dear cottage of their humble loves, and once more the couch was pressed that had rivetted their souls for ever.

When they rose from it, the sun shone sweetly through the narrow lattice, inviting them to visit their former haunts.

All day long they wandered, or sat in the forest, grudging even the little time they devoted to necessary refreshment, and when it was evening, they stood on the spot where the spirit of the exile was wont to find a momentary rest.

It was a sweet calm hour; the sun was again amidst the stems of the oaks; the dark blue summits of the Jura, impending over the beauteous landscape, stretched

along the eastern horizon; the cottage, and the orchard, and the dove-cot, the scene of happy love and household contentment, still bright with the gleam of the westering orb, lay all in prospect.

It was the spot where the eloquence of Isabel, impregnate with fictitious grief, had soothed the real sorrows of her Edward.

As they cast their eyes around, there was pleasant memory, and the magnificence of nature. Each felt the pressure of the other's hand, and in the fulness of their joy there was silence.

---

## POSTSCRIPT.

---

IN the composition of the foregoing pages, the author, not conceiving that the customers of circulating libraries were used to set any very high value on chronological

exactness, was induced to risk a slight anachronism, which, if detected, he trusts the indulgent reader will easily pardon.

FINIS.

# NEW PUBLICATIONS

PRINTED FOR

**A. K. NEWMAN & CO.**

AT THE

*Minerva Press,*

LEADENHALL-STREET, LONDON.

|  | £ | s. | d. |
|--|---|----|----|
| Paired—not Matched; or Matrimony in the Nineteenth Century, by Mrs. Ross, Author of the Cousins, Modern Calypso, &c. 4 vols..... | 1 | 4  | 0  |
| Secret Avengers, or the Rock of Glotsden, a Romance, by Anne of Swansen, 4 vols.....   | 1 | 4  | 0  |
| The Novice, or the Heir of Montgomery Castle, by Mathew Moral, Esq. 2 vols.....  | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| Montreithe, or the Peer of Scotland, 4 vols.....   | 1 | 2  | 0  |
| Suspicion, or the Benevolent Recluse, by Lady —, 2 vols.....   |   |    |    |
| Hypocrite, or the Modern Janus, 5 vols.....  | 1 | 5  | 0  |
| Bachelor's Missives !!! by an Old Maid of Distinction, 4 vols.....   | 1 | 4  |    |
| The Clergyman's Widow and her Young Family, second edition, by Mrs. Hosland.....   | 0 | 4  | 0  |
| The Sisters, by the same Author.....   | 0 | 4  | 0  |
| Visit to London, or Emily and her Friends, by the same Author, 4 vols.....   | 1 | 4  | 0  |
| Prison-House, or the World we live in, by Mrs. Bridget Blumantle, 4 vols.....  | 1 | 2  | 0  |
| Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake, by Charlotte Smith, new edition, 5 vols.....  | 1 | 5  | 0  |
| Scotchwoman, by A. F. Holstein, 3 vols.....  | 0 | 15 | 0  |
| Tales of the Passions, by G. Moore, second edition, 8vo.   | 0 | 10 | 6  |
| Vaults of Lepanto, a Romance, by T. R. Tuckett, Esq. 3 vols.....   | 0 | 15 | 0  |

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

|   | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|----|----|
| Rosa in London, 4 vols. ....  | 1 | 2  | 0  |
| Celia suited, 3 vols. ....  | 0 | 12 | 0  |
| The Assassin of St. Glenroy, by Anthony Frederic Holstein, Author of Owen Glendowr, &c. 4 vols. ....                            | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| A Soldier's Offspring, or the Sisters, 2 vols. ....   | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| Vancenza, by Mrs. Robinson, 6th edition, 2 vols. ....   | 0 | 8  | 0  |
| Son of the Storm, by Henry Siddons, 4 vols. ....  | 0 | 18 | 0  |
| Romance of the Hebrides, or Wonders never cease, by Francis Lathom, Esq. 3 vols. ....   | 0 | 15 | 0  |
| Dominican, a Romance, by Captain Williamson, 3 vols. ....   | 0 | 16 | 0  |
| The Age we live in, by Louisa Sidney Stanhope, 3 vols. ....   | 0 | 15 | 0  |
| Guiscard, or the Mysterious Accusation, a Romance, by Horace Vere, 2 vols. ....   | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| The Fallen Minister, and other Tales, from the German of Spies, by Captain Hewitsons, Author of the Blind Boy, &c. 2 vols. .... | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| Celia in Search of a Husband, by a Modern Antique, 3d edition, 2 vols. ....   | 0 | 12 | 0  |
| The Chamber of Death, or the Fate of Rosario, by Orlando, 2 vols. ....  | 0 | 9  | 0  |
| Sinclair, or the Mysterious Orphan, by Mrs. Pilkington, 4 vols. ....  | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Monte Video, or the Officer's Wife and her Sister, by Mrs. Bridget Bluemantle, 4 vols. ....                                     | 0 | 18 | 0  |
| Man as he is not, or Hermsprong, 3d edition, 3 vols. ....   | 0 | 12 | 0  |
| Osrick, or Modern Horrors, a Romance, by R. Sickelmore, 3 vols. ....  | 0 | 15 | 0  |
| Langhton Priory, by Gabrielli 4 vols. ....  | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Levity and Sorrow, by Kotzebue, 2 vols. ....  | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| Lucky, Escapes, or Systematic Villany, by the Author of the British Admiral, 3 vols. ....                                       | 0 | 15 | 0  |
| Hours of Affluence and Days of Indigence, by Miss Byron, Author of the Englishwoman, 4 vols. ....                               | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Francis and Josepha, from the German of Huber. ....   | 0 | 3  | 0  |
| The Irish Chieftain, a National Story, by Theodore Melville, Esq. 4 vols. ....  | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| London, or Truth without Treason, by F. Lathom, Esq. 4 vols. ....   | 1 | 2  | 0  |

NEW YORK

A. L. [REDACTED]





